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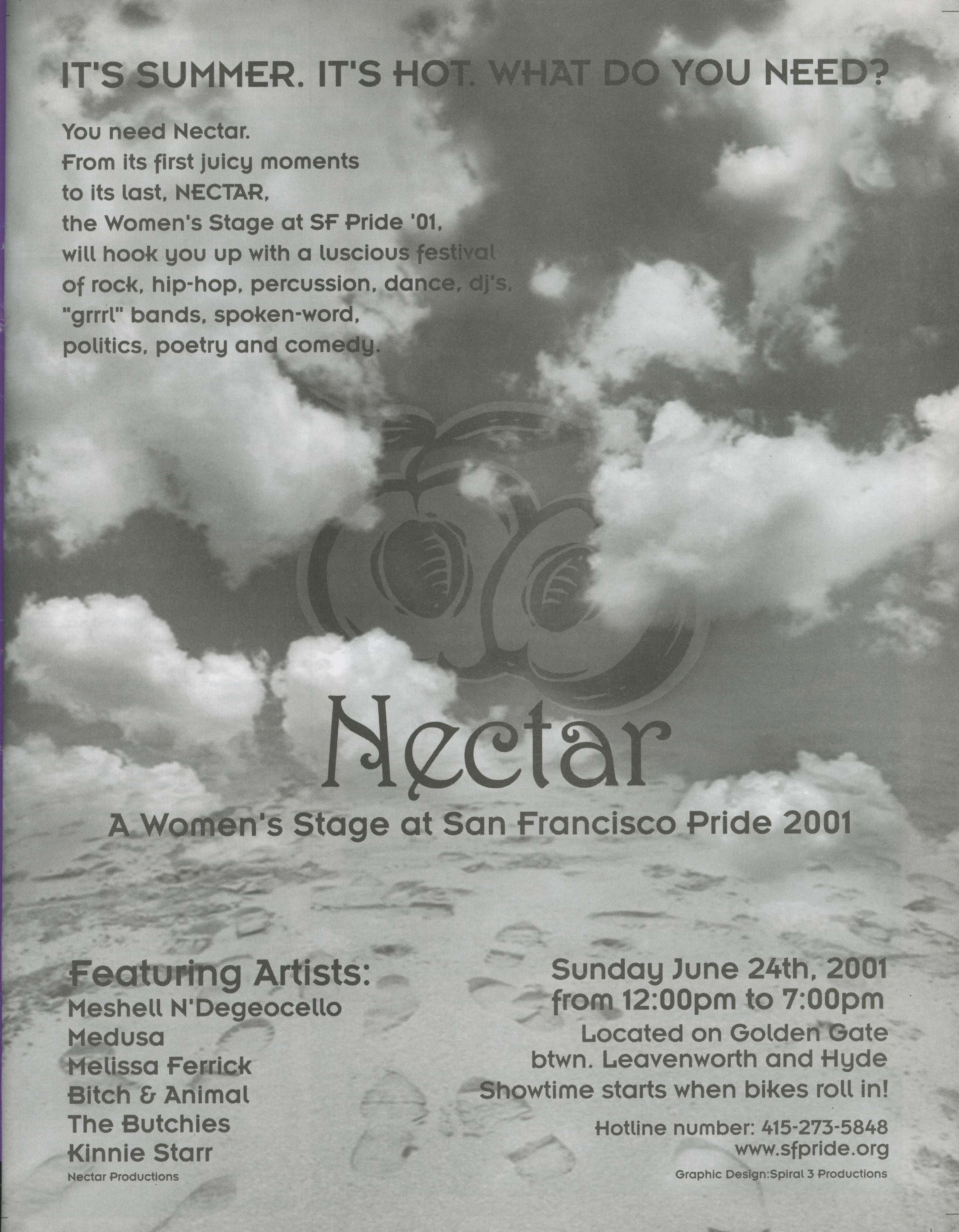

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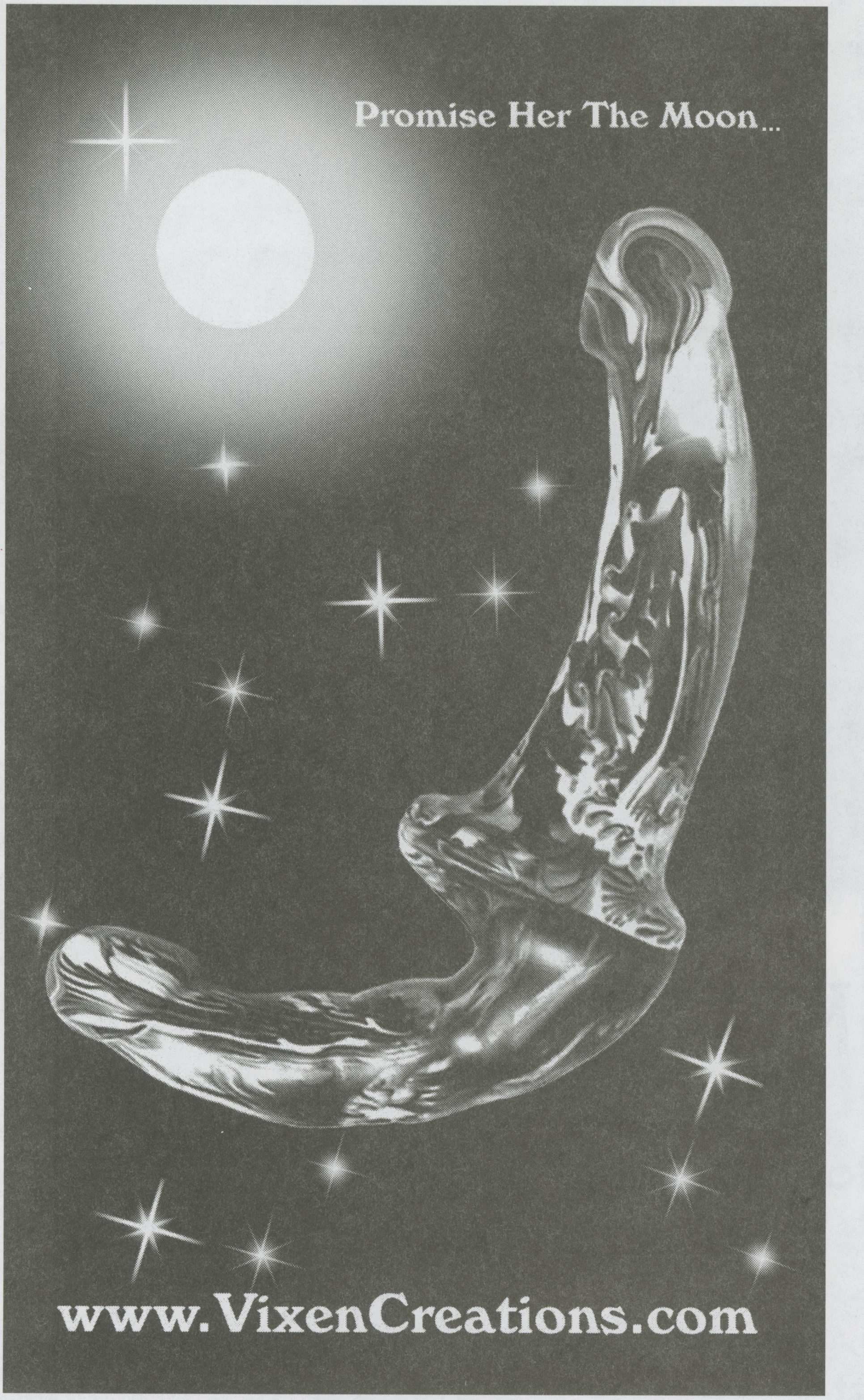

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Volume16 . Issue01

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contents . june.july2001

on the cover . Jack + Travis rope 'em in . photography by **Michele Serchuk**

babes

Bombshell Babe . 12
photography by Liezel Rubin

Ride 'Em Cowboy . 22
photography by Michele Serchuk

Orgy at the Dildomat . 32
photography by Janet Ryan

Climax . 48
photography by Janet Ryan

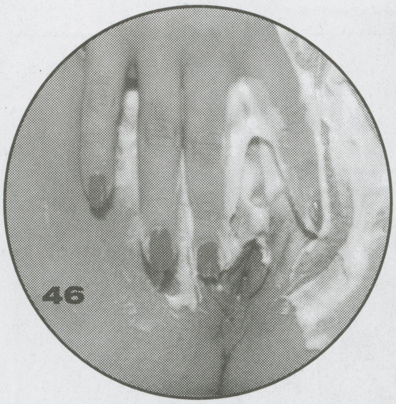
features

Sex for Sale . 28
Why some dykes do sex work
by Deborah Addington

The On Our Backs Interview . 30
Tristan Taormino talks art and sex
with photographer Catherine Opie

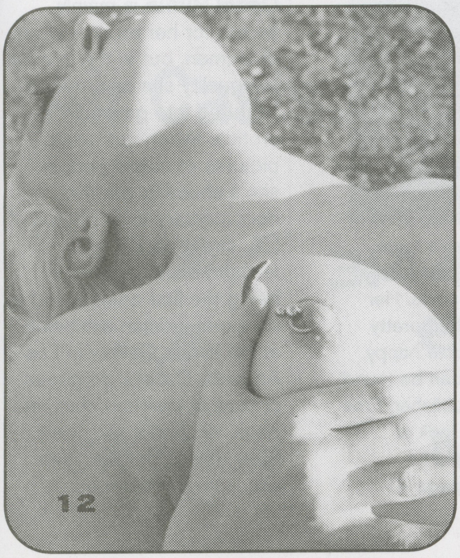
War Story . 38
Horny Amazon warrior takes a captive
fiction by Jean Roberta

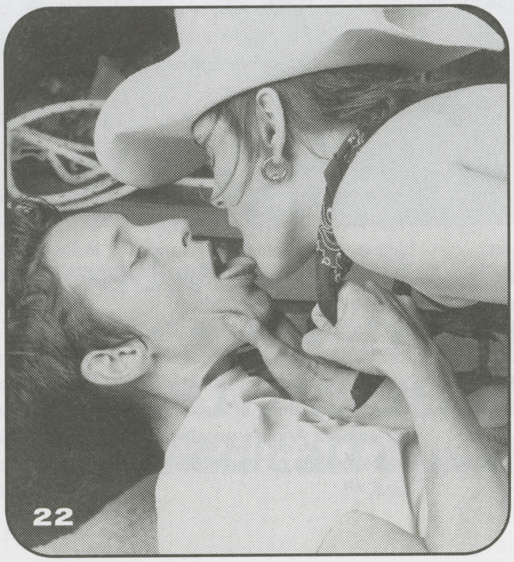
Sex in the Stacks . 40
Divinity school students give hole-y communion
fiction by Wendy Hill



departments

postcard from the editor . 04
contributors . 04
letters . 06
adventure girl . 08
Michelle Tea rides a cock on a carousel
advice . 10
Probe Nina Hartley for the answers
how.to . 11
Fist her with finesse
by Rachel Venning
cheers + jeers . 43
Annie Sprinkle, Renee Zellweger,
Caryn Goldberg
backtalk . 46
Do you shave for sex?





reviews

read.it . 16
try.it . 18
click.it . 18
watch.it . 20
Spoof Porn by Laura Weide

editor's.postcard

Butch on Butch Action

Mainstream media has long equated porn with images of naked people fucking. Sounds simple, but in the case of lesbian pornography, that model doesn't always neatly translate. For queers, what we put on (or leave on) is as important as what we take off. This is especially true when it comes to showing the sexuality of butch women, boydykes, and others who embody female masculinity. Men's suits, 501s, chaps, boxers and briefs can become erotically-charged costumes in the bedroom. They can also be necessary components of a person's sexual identity. As editor of **On Our Backs**, I face many challenges, one of which is: how do we represent the butch body in porn without completely undressing it? Check out the steamy butch-on-butch cowboy fantasy of real-life couple Jack and Travis (p.22), and see how we did. Don't worry, there are plenty of naked chicks in here, too.

With lube + affection

Tristan Taormino

Tristan Taormino, Editor

MICHELE SERCHUK

Tristan gets hog-tied.

contributors

Deborah Addington is a freelance writer, a student of female sexuality, and the author of *A Hand in the Bush: The Fine Art of Vaginal Fisting*. She lives on California's far north coast. When she's not working as an independent technical consultant, she's busy doing sexuality research. She can be reached for classes or assignments through her publisher, Greenery Press. Check out Deb's look at the dykes who work in the sex industry on page 28.

Jean Roberta was never actually an Amazon warrior, but she is old enough to remember a feminist publication named *Off Our Backs* and its first witty namesake, *On Our Backs*. When she is not teaching first-year English at a Canadian university, she embarrasses her grown daughter and other people by writing lesbian erotica. Her stories have appeared in *Best Lesbian Erotica 2000*, as well as in other anthologies, magazines, and Web sites. If her vagina could talk, it would say: "I know what I know."

Annie Sprinkle was one very big slut in her previous lifetime, and proud of it. Presently, she is a Ph.D. candidate at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality and is enjoying learning about the scientific side of sex. Check her Web site, www.heck.com/annie for her latest news and her performance calendar. These days, Annie finds monogamy with her exquisitely androgynous girlfriend of two years, Captain Barb, "the most erotic thing in the world." Check out Annie's excellent photography on pages 28 and 46.

Colleen Coover is the creator of *Small Favors*, a girly porno comic book. Her work, which focuses on the joy and romance of girl-on-girl sex, is a perfect blend for **On Our Backs**. Colleen likes to kiss girls, watch Bollywood movies from India, and receive hugs. She also likes Hello Kitty and girls who smile. Her main belief is that pretty girls make people happy. *Small Favors* can be found through her publisher, Eros Comix. Take a look at Colleen's wonderful illustration on page 41.

Liezel Rubin is mainly known for her erotic images of women, but in the interest of equality she has recently ventured into gay male erotica. When not taking pictures of naked people, she's shooting graphic, documentary-style photos of L.A. street gangs. Her favorite claim to fame is being the first artist asked to do a one-woman exhibition at the Erotic Gallery in Los Angeles. Liezel's gorgeous photos of Vivienne start on page 12. And if you want more, check out her Web site, www.eroticart.cc.

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MICHAEL ROSEN

Still Doin' It

Thank you for publishing Victoria A. Brownworth's article "Sex over 40" (April/May 2001). Too often elders are considered post-sexual.

Senior Unlimited Nudes
San Francisco, California

Athletic Supporters

Kudos to **On Our Backs** because you dare go where other lesbian magazines fear to tread. My girlfriend and I picked up a few back issues of your magazine, and got a kick out of some of the images of girls in boys' undies ("Sex Store Nookie" February/March 1999 and "Oooh Team" August/September 1999). We wish the baseball player in "Oooh Team" (August/September 1999) was sporting a jockstrap. How about a genderfuck issue with some jockstrap and briefs-wearing dykes adorning your pages!

Toni-Lynn [Last name withheld]
Via the Internet

A Cunt by Any Other Name

Thanks for a publication written in the language we actually use, where a fuck is just a *fuck* and a cunt is just a *cunt.* Having survived a sheltered and virginal girlhood, followed by a frustrating marriage, I have emerged single, lesbian, and something of a compulsive masturbator. The catalyst was a female coworker who recognized me for what I was even before I did. She introduced me to the soaring, searing pleasures to be found when one pussy-lover meets another. **On Our Backs** is the perfect handbook for us.

Carol Anne
Via the Internet

Rubbed the Right Way

My friend Asha and I have been rubbing out to your pictorial with Red and Egidio (February/March 2001) for the past few days and wanted to extend our thanks for the hot spread. Can we get this in poster size? Thanks,

Tanya & Asha [Last name withheld]
Via the Internet

The photo spread with Red and Egidio was ridiculous. I have not stopped laughing since I received my February/March issue. Lesbians sucking plastic cocks through glory holes? Why not a spread with griffins and unicorns? Get real. This is not the kind of shit I pay six bucks to see.

Ana Ang
Via the Internet

Screw the Nitwits

Thank you for continuing to publish such a fine piece of work as **On Our Backs.** Even when the models are not my type, I find the photo displays erotic and charged. I like the nonfiction and interview pieces a great deal, and of course I love the fiction. Don't let the politically correct nitwits get you down.

Jordan Grayson
Tucson, Arizona

Kiss Me Kate

Congratulations on a wonderful October/November issue. Fetish Diva Midori is amazing. Your interview with Kate Bornstein and "Queer Youth and BDSM" were fantastic examples of cutting-edge sexual theory.

Andi Young
Via the Internet

Oh Tranny Boy

Thank you for continuing to push the envelope with differently-gendered models. As a proud out and transitioning tranny boy, it makes my heart skip and my clit hard to see the many gender variations that appear in your publication. Thank you for realizing that being a dyke doesn't mean just butch or femme, but everything in-between—and sometimes something beyond.

Alex [Last name withheld]
Seattle, Washington

Pussy Pointers

I finally got my hands on the February/March issue. I loved the photo spread with Siobhan and J.J. What a sexy, good-looking couple they are. Please more! I'm still wet. Thanks for the how-to on pussy licking. I'm amazed how many dykes still can't get it right.

Susan [Last name withheld]
Tampa, Florida

Dymond is a Girl's Best Friend

Please tell me more about Shari "Dymond" McKoy (February/March 2001). She is absolutely gorgeous. Where does she reside? What type of work does she do? Is she still open to meeting new friends? I have to know these answers. I'm quite sure she has gotten many replies such as mine, but you cannot fault a girl for trying.

Lisa Turner
Via the Internet

Will That Be All Ma'am?

I would like to see the following photos and illustrations in **On Our Backs**: female hirsutism, including hairy pussies, anuses, and underarms, brothels and burlesque for females, mutual washing, massage, diathermy, vibrators, kissing of breasts, buns, feet, toes, legs, abdomens, back, arms, skinny-dipping, jacuzzis, naturism, application of KY Jelly, suntan lotion, and Preparation H.

W. Cellini
Wilmington, Delaware

Thank you for your copious suggestions. We looked up diathermy *in the dictionary. It's now our new favorite word for electrical stimulation.*

---

talk to us sweet, talk to us dirty. Send your letters via e-mail to letters@onourbacksmag.com, via fax to 415.648.4705, or write **On Our Backs** magazine, 3415 César Chávez, Ste. 101, San Francisco, CA 94110.

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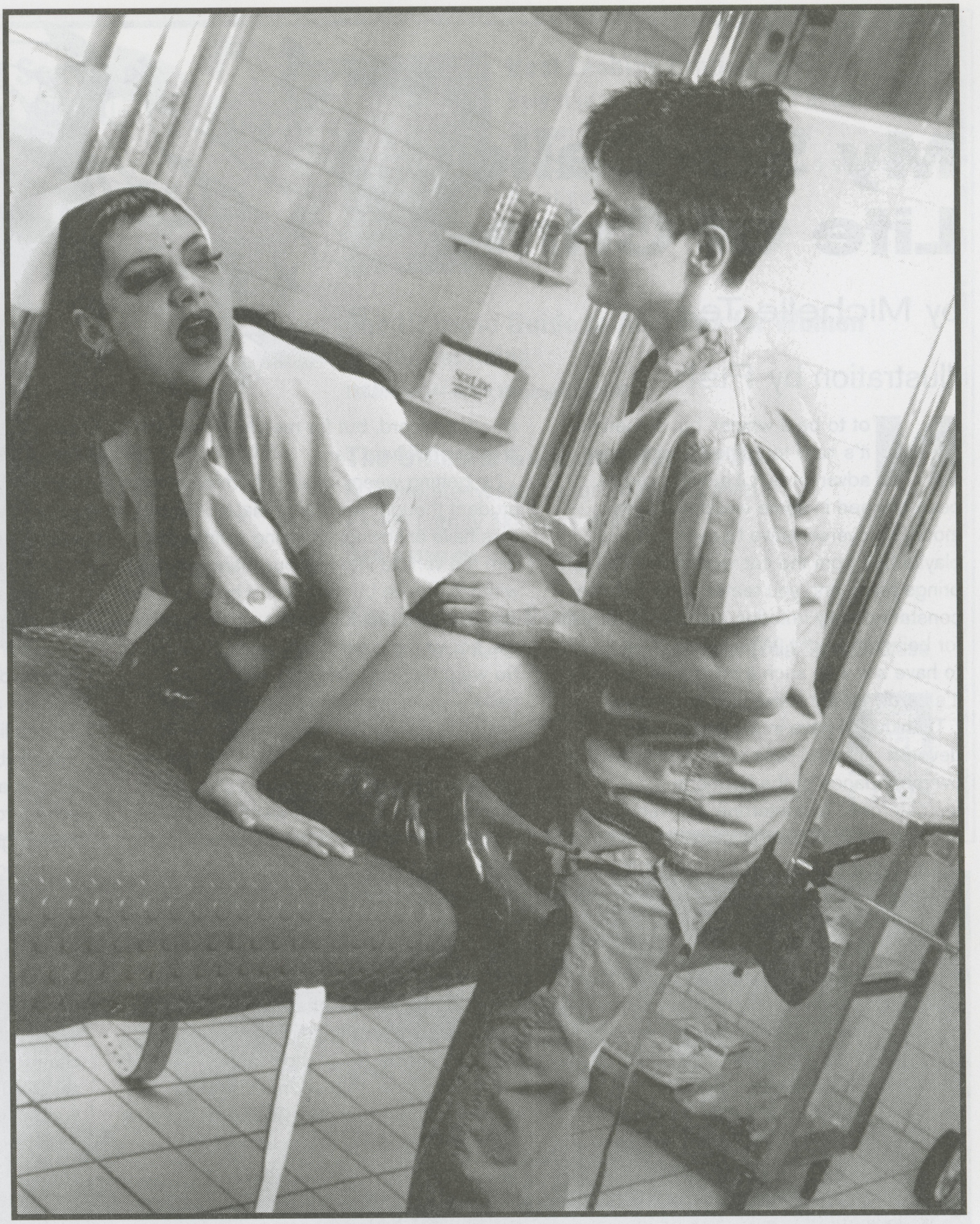

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michele serchuk

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THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX

My So-Called Life of Crime

by Michelle Tea

illustration by Fish

Not to be a whiner, but sometimes it's hard to come up with these adventures. Like when you've been trapped in some weird-ass sulky mood, so oversensitive to everything–a playful bite from the cat wounds you deeply, brings tears, and you teeter-totter between constant cranky irritation and swells of guilt for being so bitchy. Who would even want to have sex with such a miserable person? It's hardly an attractive way to behave.

Thankfully, I have in my possession a devoted girlfriend–one with, we suspect, an overabundance of the hormone testosterone. Testosterone: the very juice that the MTF on the PBS special the other night claimed had ruled her former life as a he, before the estrogen shots filled her with clarity and introduced her to a more balanced existence–not one that's just *sexsexsexsexsex*. Even at times like these, when I'm acting like one of those psychotic women in the Premenstrual Dysphoric Disorder commercials, beating up shopping carts at the supermarket and otherwise behaving hysterically, Girly still wants to have sex with me. Just this morning, she got snacky on my pussy, afterwards lamenting the speed with which I came, wishing she could've lingered in my funk a bit longer. Can you fucking believe that? God, I'm such a bucket of clashing hormones, I just want to sob into my notebook at the thought of it.

And she's so accommodating. When I go, Baby, What The Hell, I Got This Deadline, Bring Me Someplace Weird And Fuck Me Like A Crazy Person So I Can Write About It, she sweetly suggests hot-wiring a fancy car, maybe one of those god-awful SUVs, and going on a joyride, fucking in the backseat, then returning it. Ever since she turned 21 a few months back, Girly's been so legit. The crimes of her youth have been mercifully erased, and she's hesitant to risk an adult record, but for me she wants to *steal a goddamn car*.

I'm getting weepy again. After some prudent thought we realize that all the nice cars have annoying, shrieking alarms that turn the vehicle into hideous alarm clocks without snooze buttons. We'd have to break into a ratty, old automobile and, Girly informs me, hot-wiring a car totally ruins the ignition. So we'd be really messing with the working-class wage-slave who relies on the little beater to deliver her dragging ass to work. We can't be involved in a class sin like that. I start to tremble, Premenstrual Dysphoric Disorder rushing in like a weather front.

But Girly has more ideas! Our thrill-seeking friends Wiley and Tralala recently bragged to us about their exploits fucking on the boats of rich people in the Marina! Inspired we hop a trolley down San Francisco's Market Street, riding to the ocean or the bay or whatever all that dark water is. It's about midnight. The tourist bonanza of Pier 39 is shockingly silent and deserted. The sordid sexiness of the abandoned outdoor mall wakes me up a bit. Here and there, bored security guards skulk about and, more alarming, a scatter of marauding boys. Alcatraz Island glows out in the water, emitting beams of searchlight and intense bad vibes. The ghost town shopping strip is ringed with boats that bob in the water, leashed to the dock. They look lonely, like they need a couple of girls to climb on in and have sex.

Unfortunately, each dock is walled with a harsh slab of fence, a strongly-locked door in the center. Goddammit. We contemplate climbing it. The bottom half is good old-fashioned chain-link, easy to climb even in a pair of motorcycle boots. But the top half is a web of teeny-weeny links you'd be lucky to fit your fingers in, crowned with a row of jabby spikes. The softly rocking boats mock us. We traipse down the pier, following Salty the Sea Lion signs that point us toward the colony of snoozing sea lions, barking belligerently even in their sleep. It's clear now that we are not going to make it onto a boat, but we have to fuck somewhere–I've got a column to write!

The Carousel! Girly is inspired. At the end of the shopping strip sits a gorgeous, darkened carousel. A ring of frozen horses, their narrow brows decorated with stars and baubles and the smooth curves of seashells. It looks like a giant, two-tiered birthday cake. We climb onto it, trying to be quiet, but the thing is ancient and the floor board creaks echo through the empty pier. As I'm thinking what a great place to drink, I trip over an empty bottle of Mad Dog 20/20. On the top level we can see straight down the empty pier, alert for watchmen and other thugs. I lift my dress and pull down my panties, brand-new from the dollar store, and Girly pulls her cock from her jeans and slides it swiftly into me as I'm bent over one of the charming horses, cupped by its painted saddle. The entire carousel sways and buckles with our fucking, while insomniac gulls swoop and crow against the black sky. Wind chimes tinkle on the rocking boats and the sea lions honk drowsily.

We spy a couple of baseball-hatted boys loping toward us so Girly pulls out and slides my dress back over my ass. She packs us, zippers and buttons, and clutching palm and fingers, we tiptoe down the creaking stairs and slide out the turnstile. Girly rips a bunch of tulips from a planter and hands them to me. It's the first day of spring.

Every issue, **adventure girl** sets off for another sex-capade. Like to see her make your fantasy her reality? Write it down and send it to: **On Our Backs**, 3415 César Chávez, Suite 101, San Francisco, CA, 94110; fax 415-648-4705; e-mail editorial@onourbacksmag.com.

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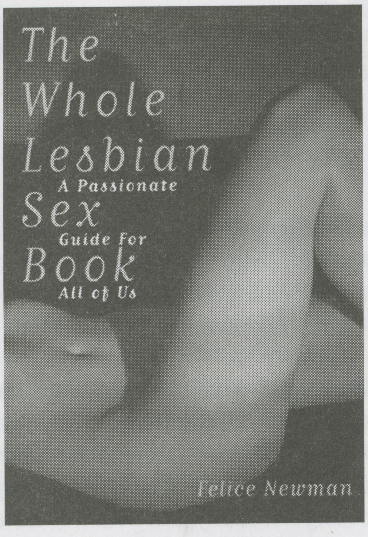

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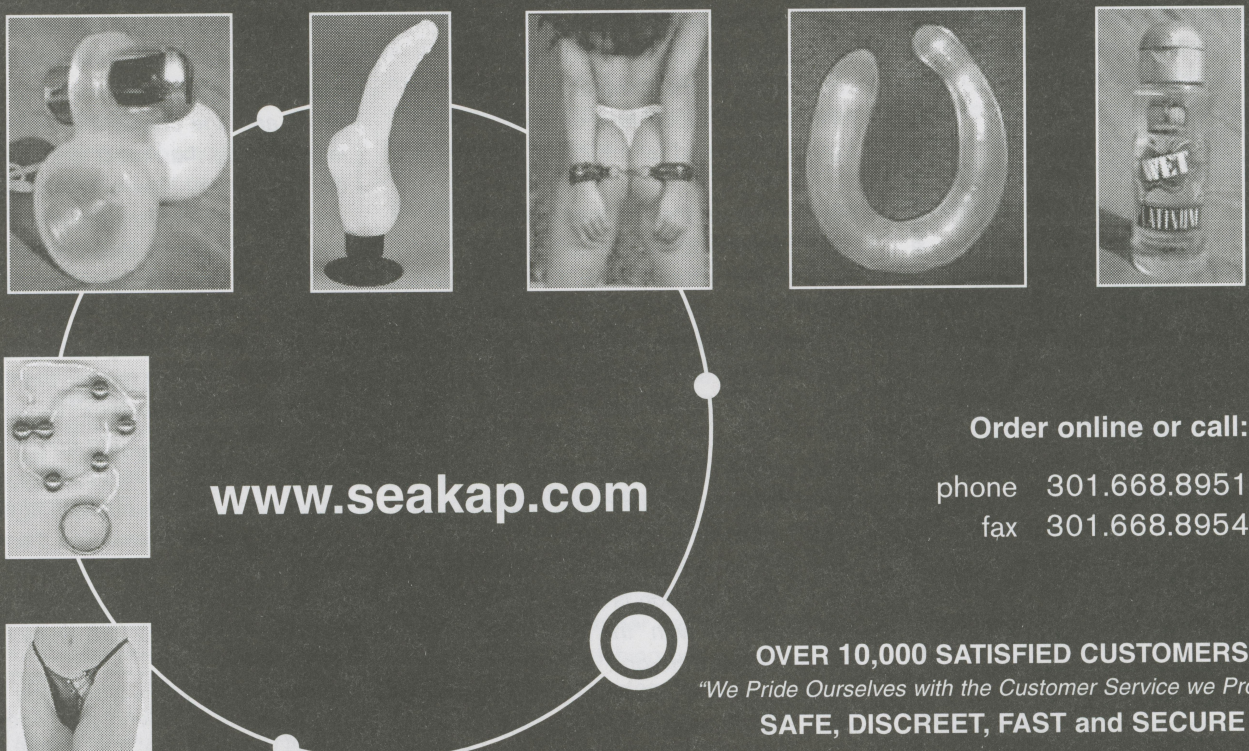

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Butch Cuddler

I've met a fabulous butch woman who both cooks and fixes my car. She is sweet and affectionate, but not very sexual. We have sex only once a month. She'd rather sit together and cuddle and watch TV when I need my pussy sucked! What should I do?

Desire discrepancy is a common problem for many couples. While you figure out what you need to do, masturbate more to take the edge off. If you are committed to monogamy, I'd say you have a problem. Never ignore your sexual needs, as that will always backfire. Have you let her know your feelings? She deserves a chance to figure out a solution with you. Could your relationship handle you having a fuck buddy? Does she like to watch as you pleasure yourself? Does she feel her sex drive is too low? Read The Ethical Slut, *by Easton and Liszt, for pointers on conducting non-monogamous relationships. Good luck on your explorations, and let me know how it goes.*

First-Time Penetration

I'm a 24-year-old femme lesbian who has never had penetrative sex. I've heard stories about how it really hurts the first time. Also, I've been rejecting potential lovers because none of them seem like the kind of person with whom I should lose my virginity.

Femmes, be they straight or gay, often suffer from some common misconceptions. One is that penetration must be involved in order to lose one's virginity. Another is that first time penetration is supposed to hurt and should be with "the one." How would you recognize "the one" if you lack experience? I suggest you first penetrate yourself while masturbating. This would let you know what sizes you like. Be aware that you may like different sizes depending on your level of arousal. When you have more sexual and emotional experience, you'll be ready and open to a woman who may be "the one." If I can find the perfect partner (and I have), anyone can! Good luck!

Obsessed with Ass-Fucking

My butch lover doesn't like vaginal penetration. She enjoys anal penetration and often comes from that alone. I really like fucking her anally, but I want to be able to fuck her vaginally as well. I love it when she fucks me that way and I want her to be able to have the same pleasure that I do. Also, she wants to have anal sex practically every time. I worry that she is addicted to it. Is it possible to be addicted to anal sex? How can I coax her into letting me penetrate her vaginally?

Why would you want to coax your partner into doing something she has expressed absolutely no interest in? She lets you fuck her, which is more than many butches allow, and she comes from fucking, which is a lot more than most women are able to do. I'd say you have a really hot babe on your hands. What makes you think that she doesn't get as much pleasure from you fucking her in the ass as you get from her fucking you in the pussy? Anal sex is more intense, as the nerve distribution in the anal canal is much thicker than nerve distribution in the vagina. Vaginal sex just might not be stimulating enough for her. I don't think it's possible to be addicted to a particular activity. Being fucked anally is a totally different sensation than vaginal sex, and your gal prefers the one to the other. As long as you are both having orgasms, I say relax and enjoy the sex.

Nina Hartley is a porn star and registered nurse. Send your woes her way.
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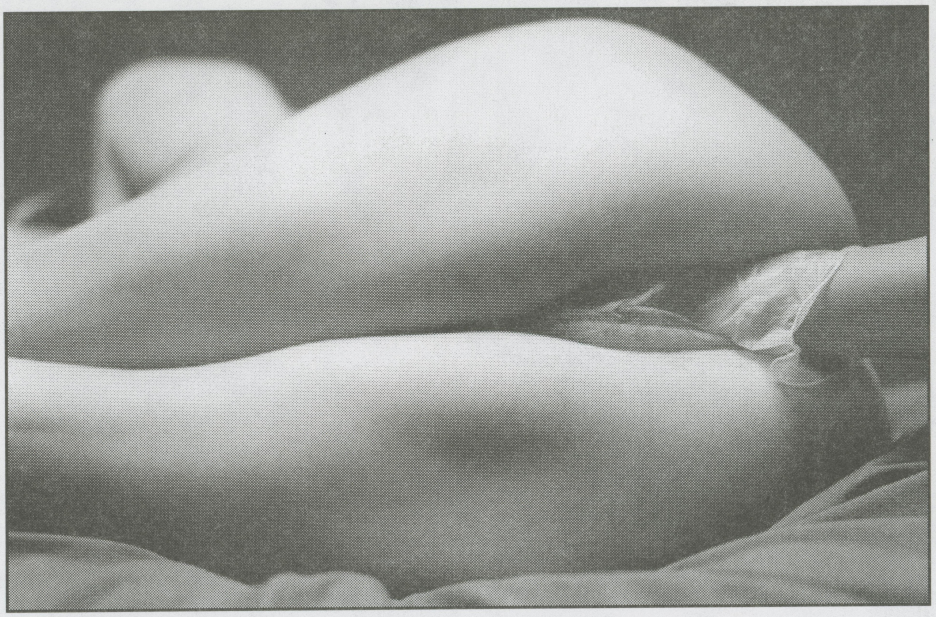
Fist with Finesse

by Rachel Venning



MICHAEL ROSEN

Fisting is when one partner puts her whole hand inside the other's vagina. Although the hand naturally curls up into a fist once inside the vagina, it is a gradual process of easing in more and more of the hand until the entire fist is inside. Having your pussy filled up completely can be an intense experience, and watching your arm disappear at the wrist into your lover's body can be an arousing thrill. Usually not a sex practice for a first date, fisting takes more care than does just slipping in a digit or two. Here are some tips to ease the way.

1. Work Together.
Think of fisting as a collaboration, not as something one partner does to the other. If the receptive partner is usually a pillow queen she may have to do a little more work than she's accustomed to. Similarly, wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am tops will have to cool their jets a bit.

2. Cut Your Nails.
The hand that's going in should have a manicure worthy of a reception with the Queen Mother. Any hangnails, ragged edges, corners, or rough spots should be smoothed away. Get those nails as short as you can.

ANAL FISTING

Anal fisting has a lot in common with vaginal fisting. Once again, key ingredients are relaxation, communication, and lube. Many find opening up anally more challenging than being vaginally receptive, so give yourself plenty of time and permission; go only as far as you want to go. While vaginally fisting, one should only use water-based lubricants; for anal play, oil-based lubes, which are thicker and longer-lasting, are better. Use plenty of lube and work your way in, one finger at a time. Deep breathing, consciously releasing clenched anal muscles, going slow, and staying tuned into your partner are key. While many people are under the false impression that only gay men enjoy anal fisting, you could be among the elite group of lesbian anal fisters who are happy to prove them wrong.

3. Lube It Up.
Use lots and lots of water-based lube. Let it slop all over your fingers, and grease the wide part of your hand up with extra zeal. Keep applying lube as you go. Latex gloves, in addition to being a barrier against STDs, can make your fist even slicker.

4. Turn Her On.
Do the things that get you both turned on the most and go from there. While working in the wide part of the hand, use your mouth, the fingers of your other hand, or a vibrator for an extra jolt of clitoral sensation to increase her pleasure.

5. Relax.
As you go in, your lover should relax her cunt muscles as much as possible. One way to do this is to clench and hold the PC muscles tight, then with a big-sighing exhale, release that tightness. As she releases and relaxes, your hand will slide farther in.

6. Make Room.
The receiver should breathe deeply, while picturing her vagina opening up to receive her lover's hand. If she's lying on her back, she may find that stretching out and tilting her head back creates more room. With the spine stretched out, all the internal organs move up, creating more space and less pressure on the vagina.

7. Go All the Way.
As the fingers slide in, the thumb often curls under them to form a fist, although it's also possible for the thumb to be on the outside. The receiver may start to contract so much that the pressure on your hand is uncomfortable. Hang in there. If you pull out suddenly, you could hurt her.

8. Fill Her Up.
Once your hand is all the way in, aim more for filling her up than pumping in and out. Start by contracting and expanding your hand to create a feeling of fullness. Slow, small movements are best. You can increase the action as her cunt becomes accustomed to your fist.

9. Talk to Each Other.
Active communication and trust are necessary, so keep talking to let each other know what's up. Sometimes all the fistee wants is the feeling of being filled up by your hand, other times more hard-core fucking action is welcome.

10. Pulling Out.
When you are ready to pull out, tell her, so that she can work with you. She should relax and bear down as you slowly uncurl your fist and work your hand out. It's best to let her push you out while she's in the throes of orgasm.

Rachel Venning is the cofounder of Toys in Babeland and the publisher of the Web site www.babeland.com.

blonde bombshell

photography by
Liezel Rubin

Name: Vivienne Andreas

Age: 26

Sign: Aquarius

Location: Currently stationed in Long Beach, CA

Profession: Dancer

Status: Single and enjoying the hunt

Identity: Succubus

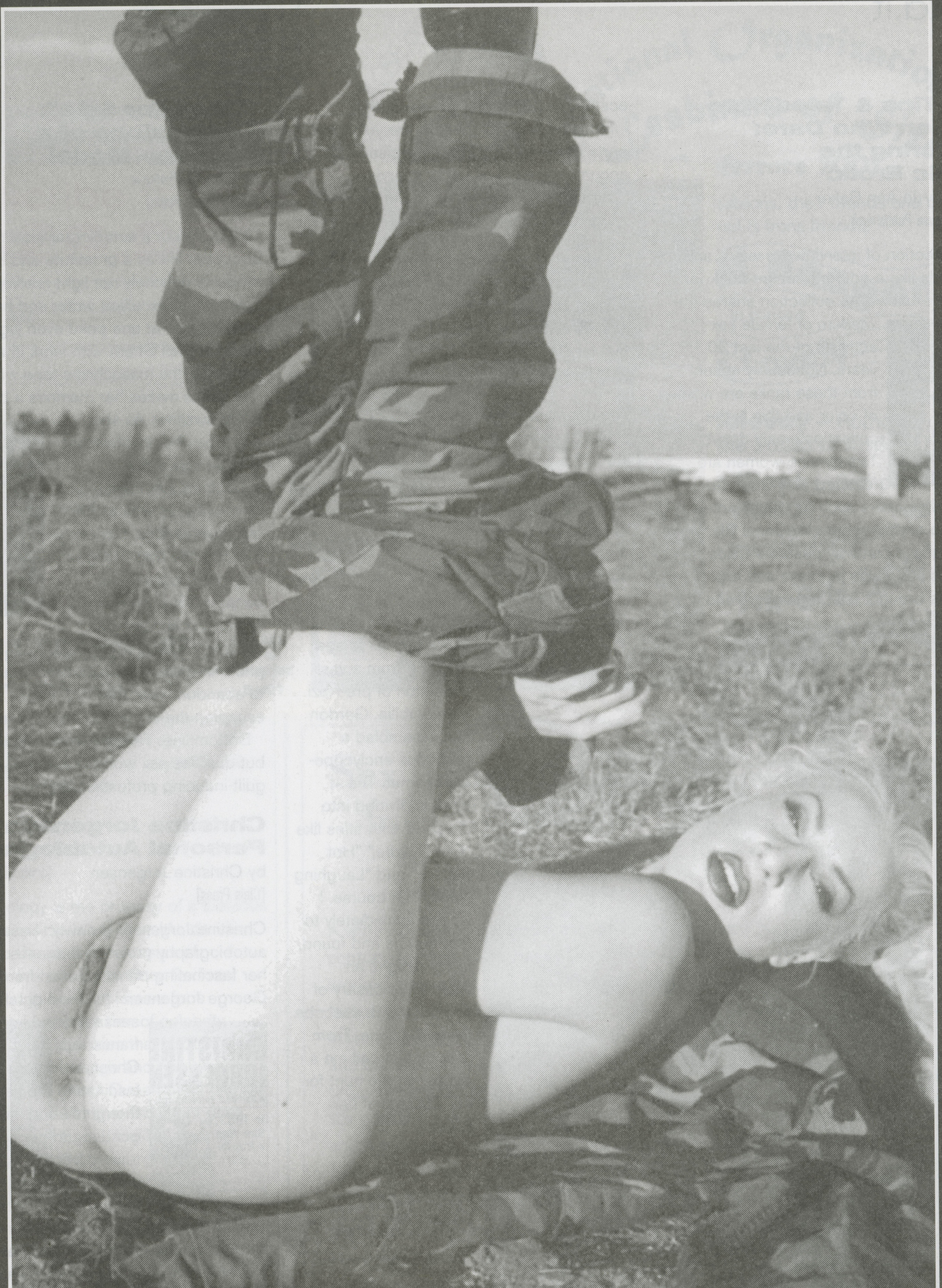
Her type: I like all shapes and sizes from tall, tattooed yummies to short and curvy. I especially love self-confidence.

Perfect date scenario: A woman who shows up at my doorstep ready to have fun in any situation (or position).

Kinkiest sexual experience: Being duct-taped to the seat of my lover's car, and masturbating while we sped down the freeway.

Must-try sex act: I've had a lot of sex in a lot of places but one that I haven't tried yet is a dressing room. It seems really naughty. I've got some great fantasies involving Victoria's Secret.

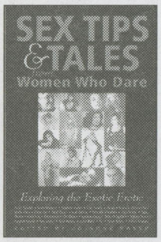
Best Feature: My eyes. I get a lot of compliments on how expressive they are. But beware–when my lovers defy me, all it takes is one look from my eyes to put them in their place.



Sex Tips & Tales from Women Who Dare: Exploring the Exotic Erotic

edited by Jo-Ann Baker

[Hunter House Publishers]



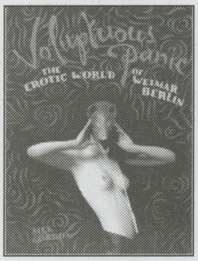
This collection of interviews, essays, and tips reads like a gourmet recipe book for female sexuality. The collection shares the wisdom of female sex activists of the last 30 years. Noticeably absent from these ranks are women of color and this is the collection's only drawback. Twenty-nine women are featured and range from pro-porn pioneers such as Nina Hartley to sex shop entrepreneurs like Joani Blank. All of the essays candidly describe these women's sexual life journeys and explore what has brought fear, frustration, and ecstasy to their experiences. Both informative and compelling, the yummiest parts of the book are the exercises that accompany each essay or interview.

Bottom line: if you are looking for new ways to enrich your sex life, this book is for you. **mg**

Voluptuous Panic: The Erotic World of Weimar Berlin

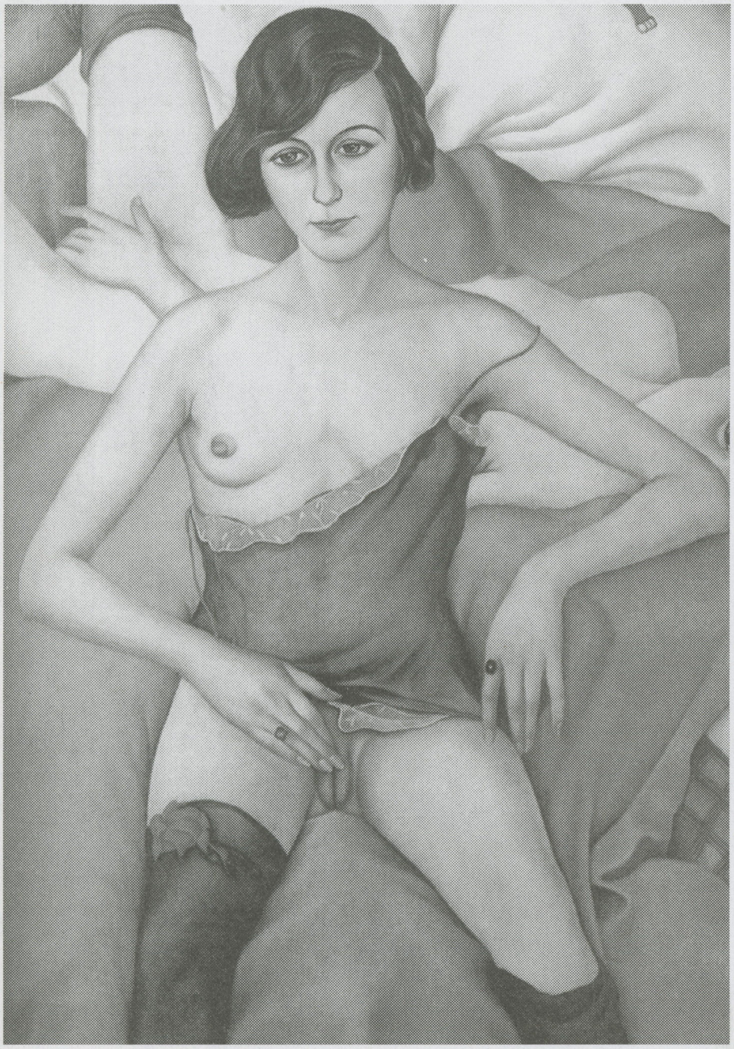
by Mel Gordon

[Feral House]



The depravity of Weimar Berlin has long been the stuff of legends. Though immortalized in classic films such as Josef von Sternberg's *The Blue Angel*, little historical documentation of the time existed until now. In *Voluptuous Panic*, Mel Gordon has brought the hedonism to light for all to see. Drawing from a vast collection of pre-Nazi memorabilia, Gordon has assembled a gorgeous enclycopedia of smut. The book is divided into chapters with titles like "Girl Culture," "Hot Sisters," and "Laughing Nudity." Of course, I flipped immediately to *Hot Sisters* and found, to my delight, an extensive glossary of terms used to describe Berlin lesbians. From now on just call me a *Mädis*, on the hunt for the *Sharper* of her dreams.

Bottom line: an amazing, one-of-a-kind book that everyone should own. **dc**

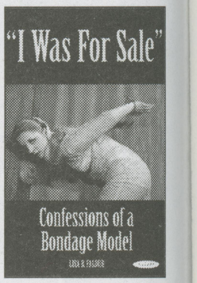


Schad, *On the Bed,* 1927; From *Voluptuous Panic*

"I Was For Sale": Confessions of a Bondage Model

by Lisa B. Falour

[Green Candy Press]



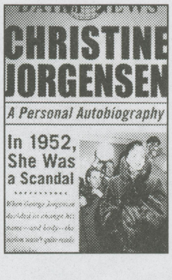
Lisa B. Falour's autobiographical novel about her life as a prostitute and bondage model is definitely not light reading. While Falour is an excellent writer and has led an amazing life–at one point even juggling work on Wall Street with work in a house of bondage–the masochistic tone with which she writes makes her memoirs a bitter pill to swallow. As she describes her involvement in New York's SM subculture, her clients and their kinks, as well as her own perversions, Falour falls into the trap of repeatedly pathologizing her behavior. She writes with regret and sorrow about her journey as a sex worker; from her first photo in a whorehouse to her final choice to abandon New York with hopes of escaping the life that once supported her.

Bottom line: Falour's work is intriguing, but qualifies sex work as a negative and guilt-inducing profession. **mg**

Christine Jorgensen: A Personal Autobiography

by Christine Jorgensen

[Cleis Press]



Christine Jorgensen's newly reissued autobiography provides the real scoop on her fascinating transformation from GI George Jorgensen into the nightclub sensation and international transsexual celebrity Christine Jorgensen. Most fascinating are her early thoughts about her own gender and her process toward becoming a woman, along with her tenacity in the face of intense media scrutiny and criticism. It's hard to imagine almost 50 years after the fact how difficult this transition was for her, on all fronts, but her biography reads smoothly and highlights the most salient (and amusing) aspects. Throughout, Christine offers the inside scoop on her

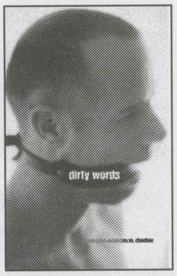
review staff
rkb . Rachel Kramer Bussel
mc . Meghan Cooney
mg . Myriam Gurba
dc . Diana Cage

various encounters with the likes of Alfred Kinsey, Judy Garland, and other celebrities.

Bottom line: a fascinating and gutsy story of courage, conviction, and chutzpah. **rkb**

Dirty Words

by M. Christian
[Alyson Publications]



Tristan put it best when she said M. Christian is "an honorary dyke." In fact, I first discovered him in the *Best Lesbian Erotica* series. Christian creates fascinating plots and smart characters; an oddity in erotic writing. His stories are filled with complex yet totally believable scenarios. This well-written collection is primarily gay male erotica; but even if it doesn't get you going, it's still an enjoyable read. One of my favorites is the edgy and evocative "How the Coyote Stole the Sun." And, "Matches," a tale about sex after death, is irresistibly ironic and clever. Patrick Califia-Rice provides a thoughtful forward to the anthology, so if you like it, you are in good company.

Bottom line: for lovers of boy porn, this book is a must-read. **dc**

Starf*cker

edited by Shar Rednour
[Alyson Publications]

This anthology is the progeny of a fabulous and raunchy little 'zine, *Starphkr*, devoted entirely to the strange fantasies of starstruck writers. Editor Shar Rednour sifted through her past issues for a collection of celebrity quickies that is both strange and titillating. Carol Queen does Marilyn Monroe, Bill Brent does Elvis, Cecilia Tan does Ziggy Stardust, Michelle Tea does all of Motley Crue, and Susie Bright does Dan Quayle. Each story reads like a raw fantasy, challenging the reader to script her own starfucking narrative. The 3-10 page stories are perfect bursts of pleasure for coffee breaks and bus rides.

Bottom line: a sure bet for increasing the erotic potential of *People* magazine. **mc**

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Sex Tips and Tales
from Women who Dare
Exploring the Exotic Erotic
Edited by Jo-Anne Baker

A wide-open guide to sexual expression in the 21st century. Jo-Anne Baker has talked with sex-industry workers, porn stars, educators and founders of sex-friendly, woman-focused organizations like Good Vibrations and *On Our Backs*. These funny, smart and brave women combine the pragmatic with the orgasmic in sharing their intimate thoughts about sex positivism, gender-bending and fantasy, oral sex and female ejaculation, dominance and submission, spiritual sex and celibacy.

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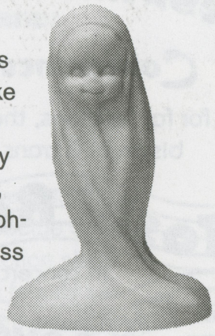
Baby Jesus Butt Plug

[Divine Interventions, $40]

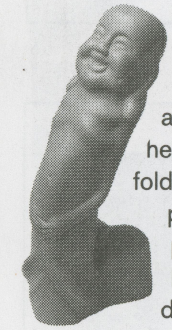


Leave it to two pervy guys from the Bay Area to make silicone dildos that represent religious figures; they are impeccably designed, deliciously detailed, and oh-so-naughty. While I confess I tried several of their absolutely fabulous toys (including the Jackhammer Jesus and Virgin Mary dildos), the Baby Jesus Butt Plug is my favorite, for, well, obvious reasons. Having the Lord up your ass cannot only make you feel reborn, it can warm you up for his mother, a seriously sizable gal.

Bottom line: an immaculate conception which everyone should own. **tt**

Buddha's Delight

[Divine Interventions, $65]

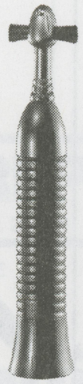


The moment I slid the creamy pale green face of the enlightened one inside her, my girlfriend immediately fell in lust and devotion. His rounded bald head, cherubic cheeky grin, and folds of flesh rub in all the right places, and his girth makes him perfect for size queens. He's heavier than the average dildo which makes him a little precarious in a harness, but set him free and you are on your way to endless days and nights of pleasure.

Bottom line: a Buddha dildo is the path toward a very Zen pussy (and ass!). **tt**

The Eroscillator

[A.R.C., Inc. $99]



I have long been a fan of plug-ins over battery operated vibes, so it was with much excitement that I set out to try the Eroscillator. I couldn't wait to get it home, so I plugged it in for a preview during happy hour at my local dyke dive bar. Do not be fooled by the smaller size and the discreet and pretty carrying pouch. This tool has plenty of power and brought me quickly to my happy place. It is much quieter than any plug-in I have ever tried and comes with lots of attachments, each creating a different sensation.

Bottom line: the Eroscillator is so energizing I've given up my morning coffee habit. **cd**

Orbit Ring Vibe

[Toys in Babeland, $42]

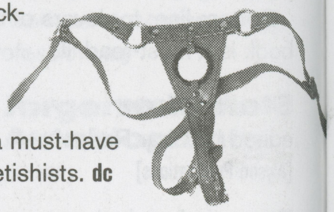
When I brought this toy home, my girlfriend and I stared at it in bewilderment, wondering to what creative use two lesbians could put a vibrating cock ring. Once we got past its unfortunate appearance (it actually resembles a sack of bug larvae on a ring with an attached battery pack), we started to experiment with it. First I slipped the stretchy ring around my wrist and played with my girlfriend's pussy. That was fun until it cut off the circulation in my hand. However, slipping the ring around my index finger and applying it to my gal's clit lit up her face and was a nice warm-up to bigger things to come.

Bottom line: a nice little device to rev up your pussy for heavier play. **mg**

Wonder Woman Vinyl Harness

[Aslan Leather, $75]

I positively swoon whenever my girlfriend dons this glittery red vinyl harness. When she's standing above me, cock in hand, she looks like a well-endowed superhero. It's all I can do to keep from screaming "Oh Wonder Woman! Tie me up with your golden lasso and fuck my brains out!" She complains that the harness isn't all that comfortable, and I agree it's not meant for a night of packing. But, *oh baby*, she sure looks sexy when she's wearing it. And, judging from the cocksure swagger it gives her, she feels sexy too.



Bottom line: a must-have for superhero fetishists. **dc**

click.it

Ssspread.com

Ssspread.com is a new lesbian porn site that offers hot images of studly butches, gorgeous femmes, and lots and lots of genderfucking. The site is done by real dykes, having real dyke sex. Expect strap-ons and trannies and horny babes in all sorts of imaginative positions. The sight also contains erotic stories, in-depth feature articles on dyke sexuality, and a how-to column, written by Sister Ssspread. When you get tired of reading you can check out the interactive chat, or write your own erotic story and post it to the bulletin board. **dc**

A peak at ssspread.com

Houseochicks.com

This amazing site is an all-around educational hot spot for girls who want to know more about the workings of their wonderful bodies. Classes offered include masturbation, orgasm, ob/gyn, and lesbian sex, taught by knowledgeable and sexy women such as Mikaya Heart. This lovely-looking and ultra informative site is chock-full of useful, fun, and necessary information about women's bodies and sexuality, presented in a very reader-friendly manner. Do yourself a huge favor and check out this site. **rkb**

Unmarried.org

This site is run by the Alternatives to Marriage Project, a very cutting-edge organization designed to combat our culture's push to marry. It is GLBT inclusive, though it was started by a long-term straight couple who didn't want to marry. Fun Facts include celebrity long-term unmarried couples, and there are plenty of resources for same-sex couples and legal issues. It's incredibly refreshing to see a site like this when within both queer and straight cultures, society insists on the need to settle down and marry. This is definitely a worthy and original site. **rkb**

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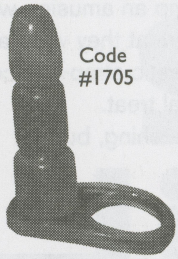

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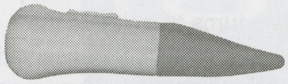

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Daryl Brown (Owner)

Porn that Puns

Hardcore spoofs of mainstream flicks

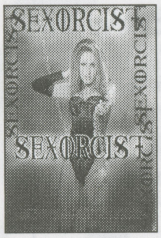
by Laura Weide

From Snatch Adams *and* Legs Wide Open *to* A Clock Work Orgy *and* Edward Penis Hands, *punning porn titles and spoofs are the lowest common denominator in mainstream porn. For some producers, lampoons are a quick-sell marketing ploy to snag furtive porn buyers with a laugh at name recognition. For others, pornographic parody is a playful art form. But caveat emptor, this is a trashy genre (and not the sexy kind of trashy)—expect low production values, uninspired sex, and adolescent comedy in many of these flicks.*

The Sexorcist

dir. Mike Quasar

[Cal Vista Productions, 1995]



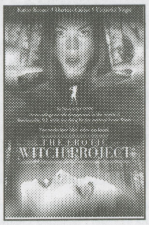
I popped this tape in with a great deal of trepidation. What was I in for? Levitating and projectile vomiting combined with porn star acrobatics? Other than the title and allusions to the occult, there's nothing much frightful or riveting about this flick. A surfer-chick college student is invited to the mysterious castle of Mistress Alexandra, a famous practitioner of the dark arts. The powerful secret practices have nothing to do with invoking Satan, but rather inducing some enthusiastic het sex and a sweaty group finale. Though the acting is wooden and the script senseless, the production is nicely lit and filmed.

Bottom line: keep your head screwed on and that creepy deep voice in check, this mediocre flick is no Satanic sex-fest.

The Erotic Witch Project

dir. John Bacchus

[Seduction Cinema, 1999]



Three co-eds set out into the woods with a handheld video camera to mockument the existence of the Erotic Witch. Interviews with a variety of redneck characters, testifying to their strange encounters, inexplicable turn-ons, and spontaneous ejaculations in the woods are perhaps the most entertaining portion of this wince-making production. Kelly, the ring leader, is painfully whiny, the unscripted dialogue is more tangled than five pairs of fishnets in the dryer, and the sex is (gasp!) simulated.

Bottom line: if you are a stoned frat boy, you might like this movie.

Misspelled

dir. Wesley Emerson

[VCA Platinum Plus, 1999]

This spoof of the TV show *Charmed* features Chloe and Kylie Ireland as two witches-in-training to their more serious sister sorceress, Tina Tyler. A few cheap effects and proverbial toad-turnings keep this fast-paced sex romp an amusing watch. The craven coven get what they want and a lighthearted, enthusiastic strap-on scene featuring Chloe is a real treat.

Bottom line: not bewitching, but not without charm.

Trannyville

dir. Karen Dior

[Raw Video/Vivid, 1998]

TRANNYVILLE

Imagine 1950s suburbia. A June Cleaver-type wakes up one day with a big, hard dick between her legs. Her world would go from black and white to Technicolor right away, don't you think? This camped-up *Pleasantville* turns to color as the women in this stereotypically conservative town sprout dicks! This silly, clever production is Best in Show. Gendered sex roles are turned upside down in this suburban bedroom farce.

Bottom line: check out this campy *Pleasantville* where Ward gets dolled up in June's clothes, and gives a good blow job to boot!

Dark Angels

dir. Nic Andrews

[New Sensations, 2000]

DARK ANGELS

What I thought was a spoof of the futuristic, bar-code-on-the-neck TV drama turns out to be a gloriously gloomy, slick, and sexy horror thriller! A big winner at this year's AVN Awards, I just have to squeeze it in here. Smartly filmed and edited with better special effects than most B-movies, *Dark Angels* is a voracious vampire story. Sydney Steele leads the pack of dominatrixes of the undead who fuck the living daylights out of men, then tear at their jugulars with sizable incisors. This one really isn't for the faint of heart—a gruesome coroner's report, lots of blood, and a ritual virgin sacrifice pushed at the edges of my feminist sensibilities. Crackling PVC costumes and smoky atmosphere create a compelling backdrop for some truly inspired sexual performances.

Bottom line: if gothic fantasies get you wet, get out of your bat-cave and get this flick.

Missionary Position Impossible

dir. Cash Markman

[A Markman Production, 1999]

MISSIONARY POSITION IMPOSSIBLE
Angelica Sin

Pornographers love nothing more than pilloring the hypocricy of right-wing politicians who campaign on "family values" themes and then get caught with their pants down. Secret Agent Number One's assignment is to expose Senator Blowhard, the Presidential candidate who thrives off the deep pockets of the antiporn establishment. Set-ups, stings, and yes, disguises dot the landscape. The puns are as painful as *The Rocky and Bullwinkle Show,* and the outcome predictable, but there is no shortage of spirited sleazy sex.

Bottom line: secret agents might rent this, but don't waste your hidden camera cash on this flick.

Laura Weide is a sex educator, pleasure activist, and Web editor at Toys in Babeland.

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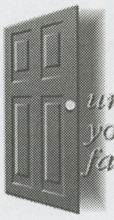

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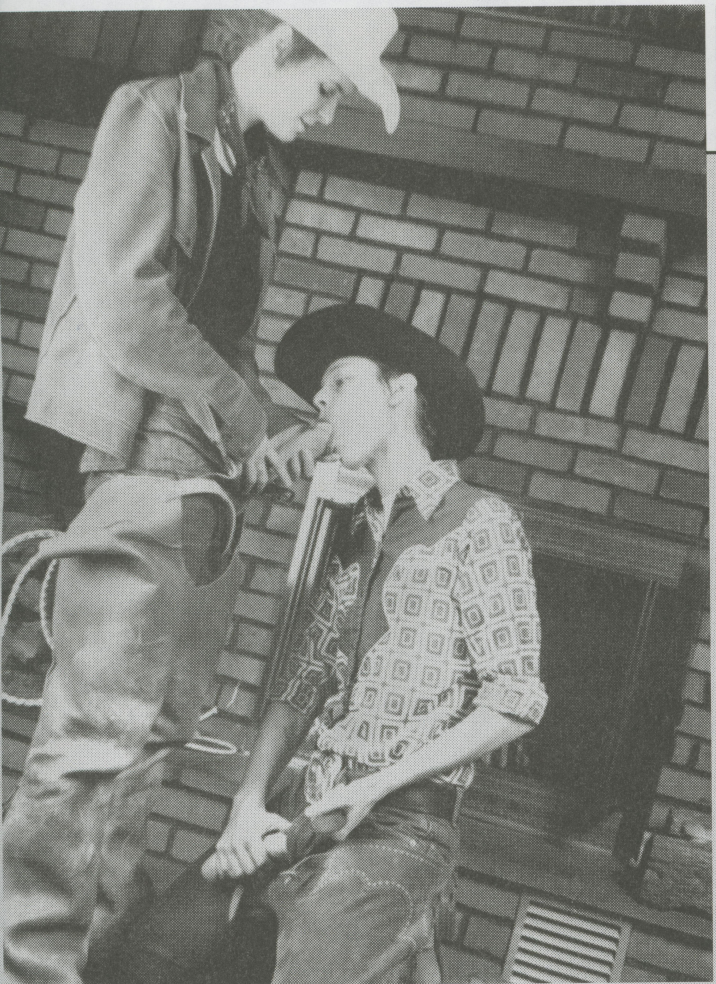
ride 'em COWBOY

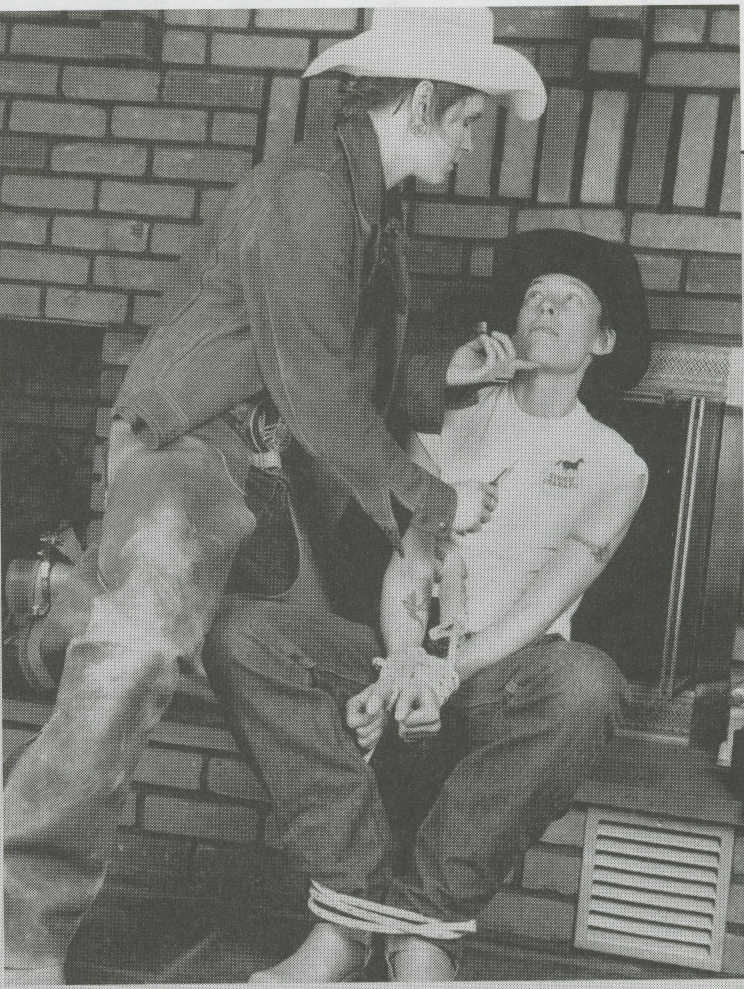
Jack and Travis giddy up

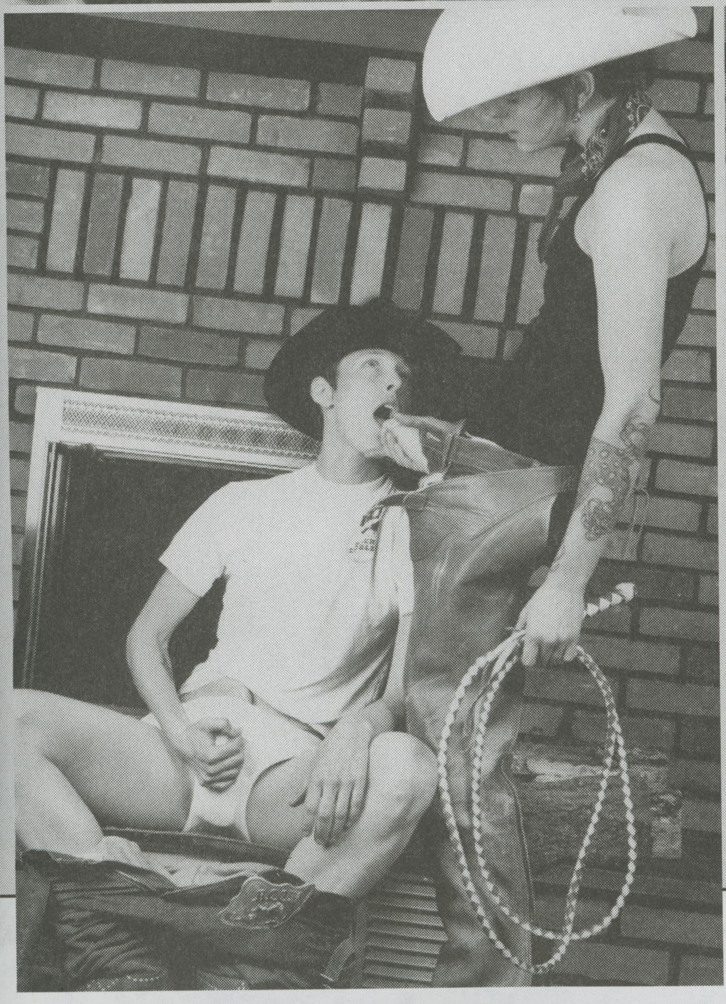
photography by
Michele Serchuk

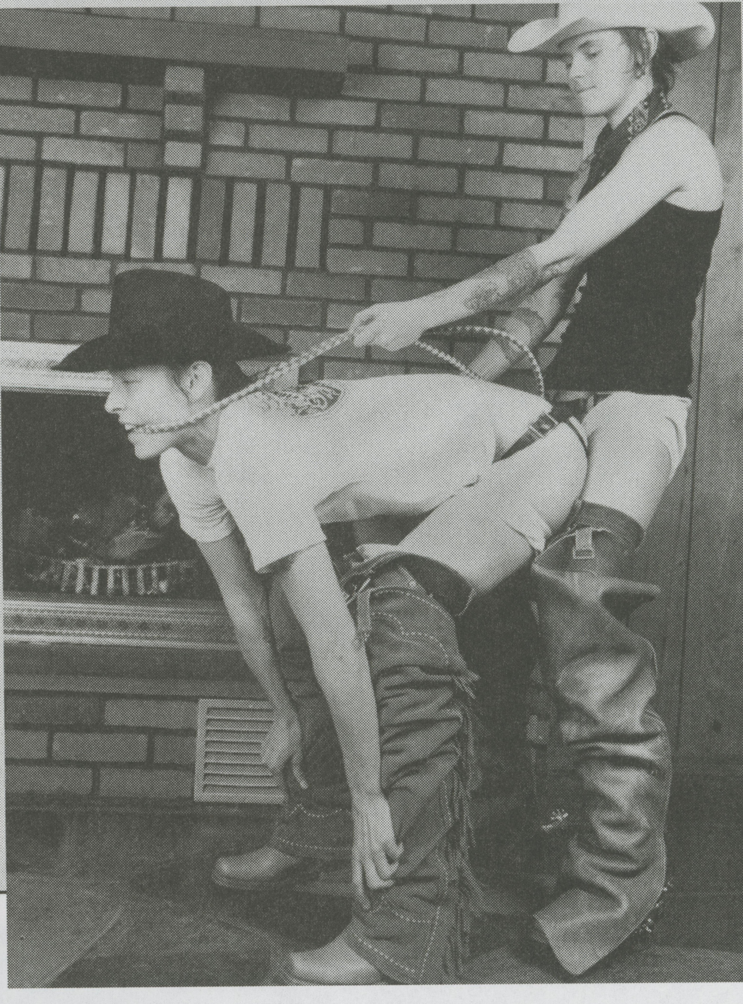
styling by Tristan Taormino
cocks provided by Toys in Babeland

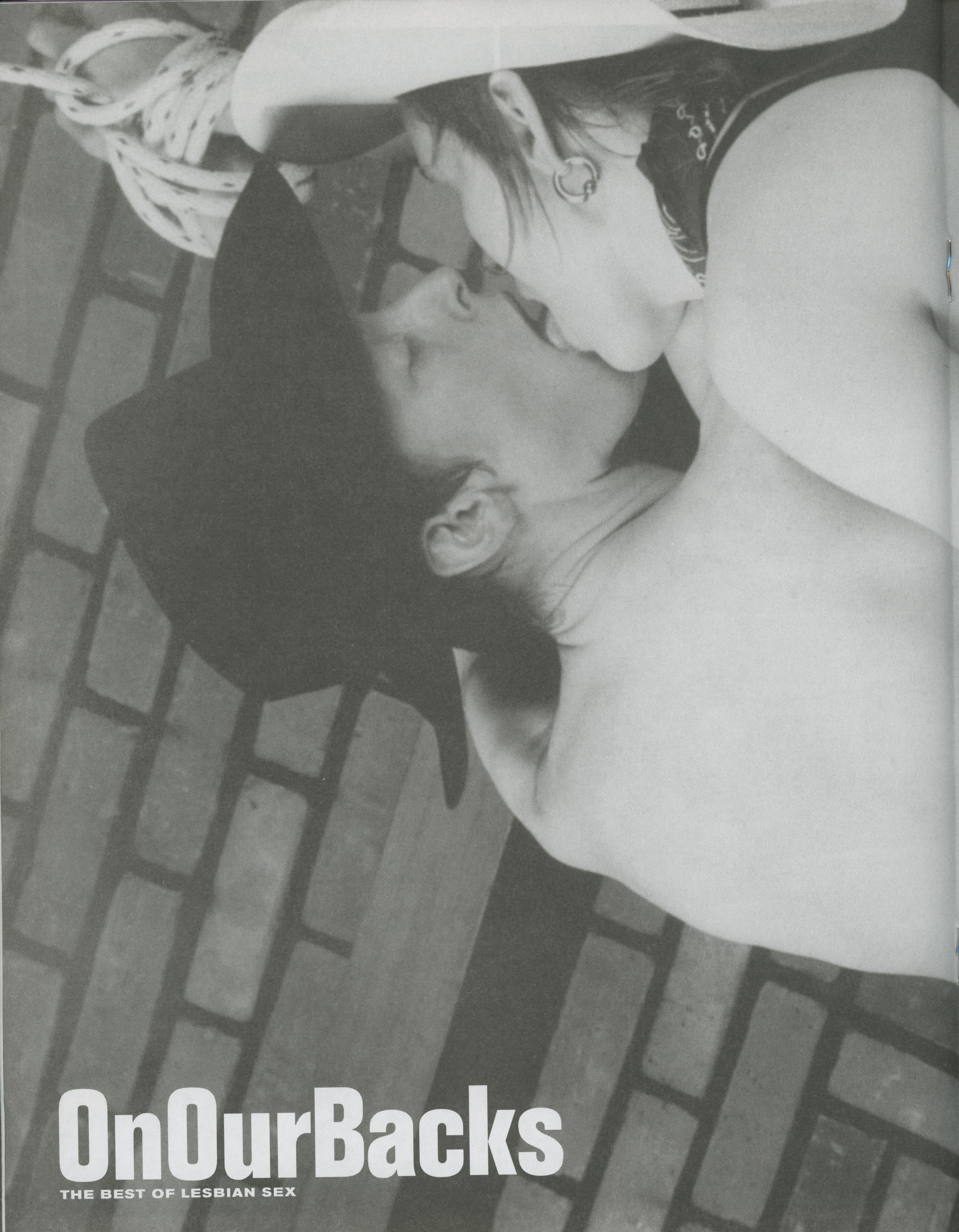
Jack craved a cowboy to fullfill his rough-and-tough fantasies. When he spied the tall, rugged Travis at the gay rodeo, he felt his cock get hard. The cowboy's ass sure looked great in a pair of chaps. Jack wanted that ass, and he wanted it bad. When he got Travis back to his place, the kid gloves came off, and so did those chaps. Jack hog-tied his new pony boy, then worked finger after finger into Travis, until his whole hand was buried in the cowboy's willing ass. **tt**





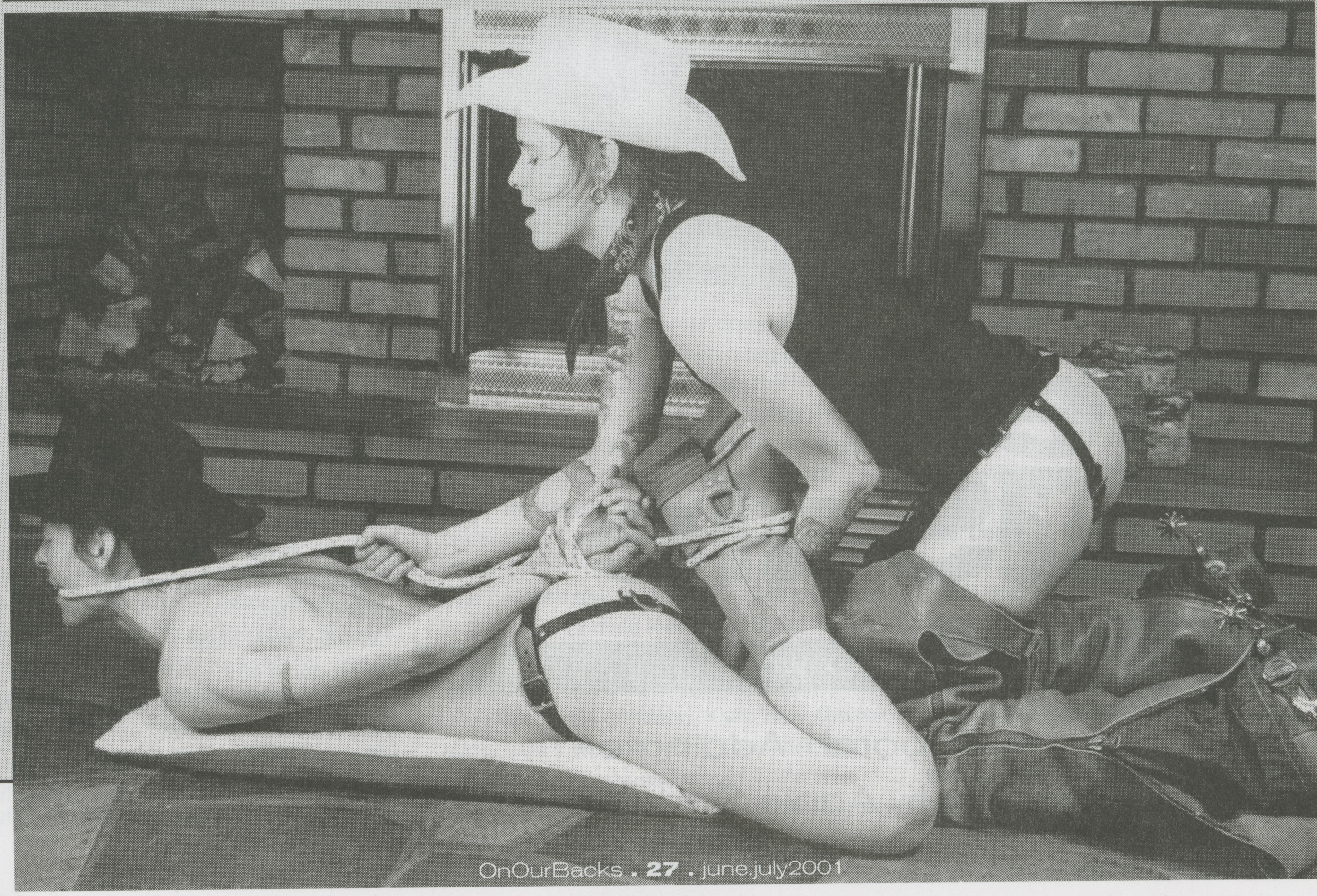


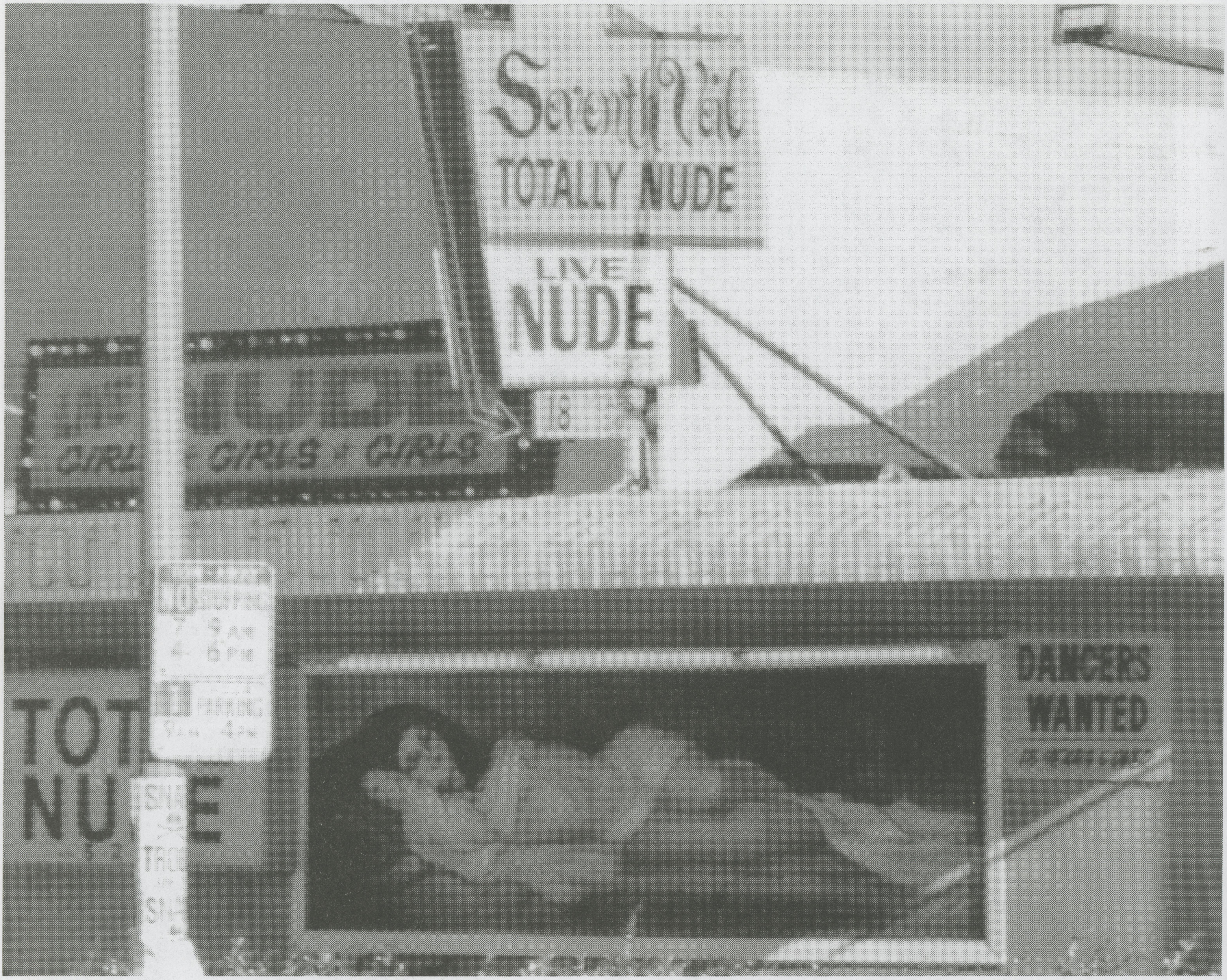




OnOurBacks

THE BEST OF LESBIAN SEX




Seventh Veil
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LIVE
NUDE
18
LIVE NUDE
GIRLS ★ GIRLS ★ GIRLS
TOW-AWAY
NO STOPPING
7 - 9 AM
4 - 6 PM
1 PARKING
9 AM - 4 PM
TOT
NUDE
DANCERS
WANTED

Sex for Sale

Why some dykes do sex work

by Deborah Addington

photography by Annie Sprinkle

The sex industry produces goods or services meant to enhance the quality of sexual experience: things like books, videos, magazines, music, exotic dancers, peepshows, and prostitutes. Given its longevity, the sex industry meets a need, and its prospects only seem to be getting better.

Women have niche markets, but most of the products of the industry, in general, are intended for and consumed by men. And there's no way to control who consumes the product after it's on the market, so even stuff not intended to give guys a hard-on might end up doing so.

There's little social support for the institution or the humans that give us shower nozzle masturbation material. Why would a lesbian run the legal, personal, and social risks associated with being engaged in such a popular yet culturally complicated industry?

Many people assume it's for the money. Miranda, a 36-year-old professional dominatrix in the Bay Area who earns around $65,000 a year, would agree. She's also very happy with the flexibility of her work. "I set my own hours, I answer to no one except my clients, and they know my limits when they contract with me for services." Regarding her pay she says, "Just like a regular building contractor, I'm skilled labor. I deserve to be paid for my skills, and well paid, too. I have a small fortune invested in equipment and my own training."

"Some days, I can't believe that there are not more lesbians doing this for a living," she adds, "but if we [sex workers] were easier to find and we had more legal room, there'd be more of us, and it could even become a buyer's market." Miranda says it's now a seller's market, "And people want what I offer."

Lou, a 22-year-old prostitute who got her start because she was tired of squat Daddies wanting pussy for free, disagrees with the money as motivation angle: "I started tricking because I thought it would be an easy way to make money. I was giving it away in exchange for safety, so I figured I might as well make a buck." She fantasized about being saved by some rich sugar mama. "I think I expected to pull some *Pretty Woman* stunt, and go live happy ever after. I was really, really wrong about the money thing, but I found I like the work." Most of her clients are male and she finds it easier that way. "I fuck men, mostly, because that makes it easier to separate work from pleasure. I keep doing it because I love my job."

Lou also gets off on the control that sex work gives her. "I work hard. I'm good at what I do. I like taking advantage of my skill in bed, especially when it comes to men. I control them when I'm rocking their world. I like the hours compared to a regular nine-to-five job. I put in less time to make the same amount of money, even though the money can't touch the risks involved. But I like risk."

And there are many risks, no matter how careful you are; STDs aren't the worst of it. Many prostitutes face physical danger at the hands of tricks, with no protection from police. "I'm *very* careful. But one hospital bill after being beat by a trick and there go your profits for the next couple months, and we can't exactly get worker's comp," Lou tells me. "This is hard work, and almost no one I know supports me in it. If I was struggling with college classes or a tough boss in an office, I'd get a lot more support."

Like other kinds of activists, some take it to the streets; others take it indoors. Lisa, 27, responded to an ad for "models." It turned out to be auditions for a strip club. She had no intention of joining the industry, but was lured in by the starting pay of $18 an hour. After doing it for a year, she has this to say: "I love my work. I love to be watched, and I get paid for it. It's perfect. The guys can say whatever they want, but not one of them can touch me. Some clubs make you do lap dances, and they try to touch you then, but not where I work."

some days, i can't believe that there are not more lesbians doing this for a living.

Lisa enjoys being a dyke and dancing for men. "If a female customer does come in and wants to tip me, I make a big show of it. It's my way of saying, 'Yeah, that's right. I dig chicks, and you boys are paying for looking at something you can never have!'"

Even for women who love the industry, there are challenges. And not just for the sex worker. Lisa says, "I think stripping is a lot harder on my girlfriend than it is on me. She catches shit for having a girlfriend who is an object of male lust. A lot of her 'real' lesbian friends think of me as a sellout, and that puts stress on our relationship."

I asked Lisa's girlfriend, Kelly, how she felt about Lisa's work: "I worry about her, but not nearly as much as I would if she was actually fucking her customers. Yeah, some of my friends give me hell because of what she does, but that's their problem."

Antisex activists might change their minds if they saw things the way Kelly does: "Lisa's not being exploited by what she does–she's exploiting. She's working those men, and she knows it. I've seen her do it, and I love watching her do it." In addition to the rush of excitement, Kelly gets something more personal out of the deal. "I know Lisa. I know how much she loves being the total center of attention. She gets her fix, comes home horny as hell, and I'm the one who gets to make her scream at night."

Kelly sees sex work as a business, and a good paying one. "Sex is big business. Beats flipping burgers, and she doesn't smell like someone else's dinner when she comes home."

Money, control, personal gratification, politics: it's all part of why lesbians work in this industry. Every time I think I've heard, done, and seen it all, I meet someone who bends my brain and body around some new delight.

"I don't really care if some guy gets off watching me," says Amber, a 47-year-old filmmaker. Although Amber's intended audience is female, she assumes men also purchase her product. "I like knowing that no men were included in the creative loop when the film was made. I'm doing this to get women off, and to make a living is a secondary–but very wonderful thing. I make a statement and I make a buck. What a great country."

Jasmine, 23, does amateur, girl-next-door-style live video for the Internet. She works at home in a modest apartment in Oklahoma City. "I don't expect this to lead into a career; I expect my education to do that. I do my site because it makes me enough money to stay in school and support my girlfriend and myself comfortably." Jasmine got the idea for this type of work from watching a talk show. "I think it's a great medium, and it's all about the supply and demand. I can make money from home, in bed, making love to my girlfriend."

The majority of Jasmine's customers are male. "As long as there are credit cards with men attached to them, there will be a market for what I produce." She thinks her work is fun and can't imagine working an office job. "Can you think of anything better than lying around in bed, getting laid, and making a living at it? I can't."

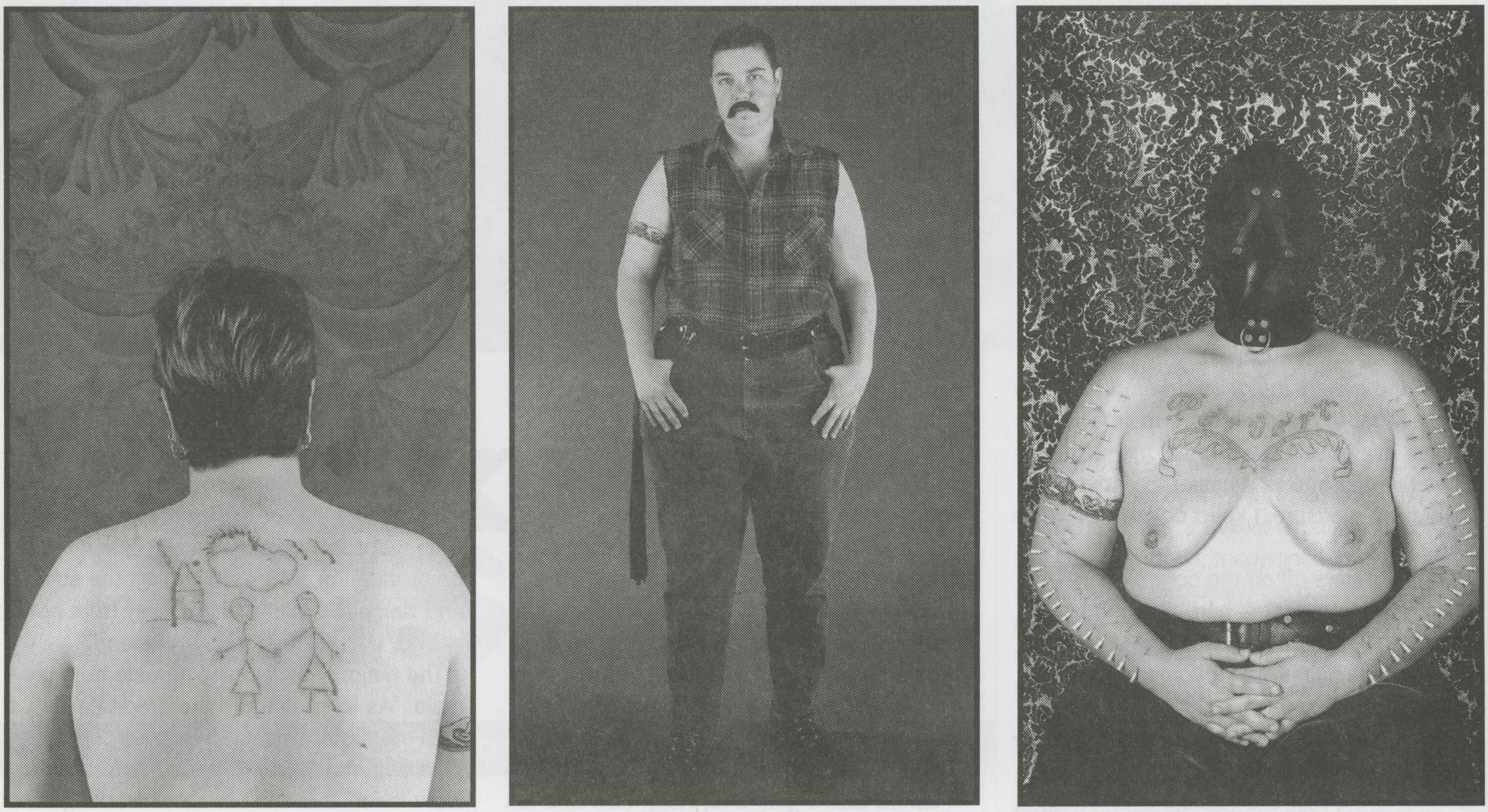
Picture Pervert

Photographer Catherine Opie on Sex, Art, and Politics

by Tristan Taormino

photography by Catherine Opie

Living in San Francisco in the eighties*, photographer Catherine Opie, a self-described "hardcore leatherdyke" ran around with the infamous SM group The Outcasts and took photos for* On Our Backs*. She moved to Los Angeles in 1986 to get her Master's degree at Cal Arts, and made it her home for 17 years. There she began taking portraits of her genderfucking and sex radical friends. The photographs became a series simply called "Portraits," which landed her at the prestigious Whitney Museum of American Art's Biennial Exhibition in 1995. "Portraits" included a startling self-portrait of a hooded Opie, pierced up and down her arms with the word* Pervert *carved into her chest. After her smashing debut, Opie began documenting the houses, freeways, and mini-malls of Los Angeles. In 1997, she received The Citibank Private Bank Emerging Artist Award and her "L.A. Freeways" and "Mini-Malls," were shown at the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles. She went on to have numerous solo and group exhibitions of her photography around the world. Opie recently completed three bodies of work: "Domestic," pictures of lesbians living together across the country; a series of 40x7 Polaroids of performance artists Ron Athey and Darryl L. Carlton; and the "O Portfolio," prints meant to be "a conversation with Mapplethorpe's 'X Portfolio.'" Last year, she moved to New York to teach in the photography department at Yale. She just accepted a tenured position as photography professor at UCLA, and plans to move back to Los Angeles in December. A week before her 40th birthday,* On Our Backs *sat down with one of the most celebrated lesbian photographers of the century to talk about art, perversion, and anal fisting.*



Self Portrait/Cutting, 1993; Bo, 1994; Self Portrait/Pervert, 1994

On Our Backs: In 1997, *LA Weekly* called you "a reputed leatherdyke." Are you a reputed leatherdyke?

Catherine Opie: I don't know, I guess I'm known, in the same way that Dorothy Allison is known or Pat Califia or Gayle Rubin. Those women brought me out into SM. One of my favorite all-time sex workshops I ever saw was when we were all crammed into an apartment in Los Angeles in the late eighties. I watched Dorothy Allison fistfuck–pretty much up to mid-arm–her girlfriend's ass and make her come in a room with all of us packed in there. I came from a generation where I got to watch Dorothy Allison fistfuck her girlfriend in the ass. I guess that makes me reputed.

OOB: Do you consider yourself in the SM scene now?

CO: I could play, I could still be a player. I'm not a practicing player. My lovers for the past few years have not been players, but that hasn't taken me out of the dungeon. My best friend in San Francisco, Idexa, and I every once in a while go to play parties together. It's funny, my own sexuality has never been completely tied up into being a leatherdyke. What I've done in the dungeon is more about transformation of the body for me and my control over the body than it has been about getting wet. It's not anything that hits some sexual core in me, but it's always been something else for me. It's really been about this spiritual transformation and just getting those endorphins flying off the walls.

OOB: You took those early portraits of sex radicals and perverts from 1989 to 1996. How do you think the representation of SM, of dykes, of kink in general, has changed since then?

CO: I think that there is an interesting transformation that has taken place. Those portraits were so radical at that time that if I were to go and do that body of work now, it would be completely different. Face it, the work existed in queer culture because I'm queer and I exist within queer culture, but the main place where that work was put out into the world was art museums and galleries, which is not queer culture. That's mainstream culture. It might be a mainstream art appreciative culture and may be a little bit more politically on the left, but it's not queer culture. I tried for years putting my work into queer culture. I've tried to have books of the portraits published by queer publishing houses. When I did Dyke Deck, [a deck of cards with photographs of dykes], I wanted it to be produced by a queer business, and I couldn't get anybody to produce it. So the Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles ended up doing it, which is the first time any major museum in this country produced anything with the word *dyke* on it. I always tried to stay within the community and all my work is based on community, yet the distribution of my work is not out of the community, which has always been an odd thing.

OOB: Everyone who writes about you seems obsessed with this insider/outsider dichotomy: is she an insider, is she an outsider? Part of what everyone loves about those first portraits is that you were an insider in this particular community but you were an outsider to the art world. Now, you are very much an insider to the art world and to academia. So do you still feel like an outsider, and if so, where?

CO: I think I'm still an outsider to mainstream culture, even though I've produced work that's ended up in mainstream culture. Personally and politically, I am so confused about the moralistic drive of America, and I feel completely like an outsider to any of these kind of points of view that exist within the government and around God and state in this country. Yet, I feel that I am so American in a bizarre way through my subject matter and being fascinated by the construction of identity. Being a documentarian, you are an insider and an outsider at all times because you are always the person behind the camera. I've put myself in front of the camera, but only on four occasions in my work, out of hundreds of photographs. In a way, you're always looking and you always remain bizarrely an outsider and hopefully you're just really aware of your own community politics. I just always try to do the right thing for the queer community–but also, the right thing is my idea of what a right thing is. Which is not up with some of the lesbians.

OOB: Do you want to expand on that?

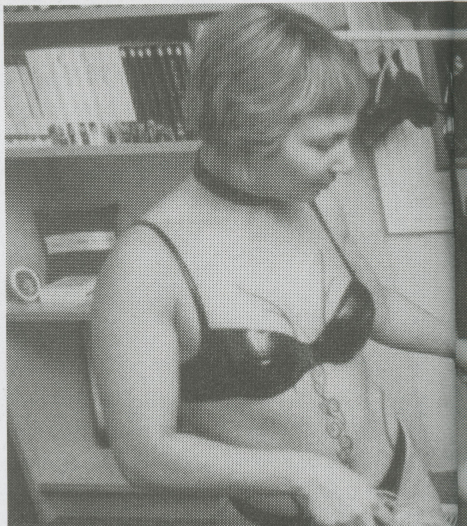
CO: I'm a dyke, a big old Daddy dyke, and even that word... It's still so surprising to me how some lesbians shiver at that word *dyke*. I was talking to a friend of mine who's in her fifties. I said, "Oh come on, you're a big ol' dyke," and she said, "I'm not a dyke." And I think, why not? Claim that, just claim it.

OOB: So would you consider yourself single now?

CO: I guess I am single, but dating a couple of people. My favorite person who I'm dating is Claire Cavanah. She's amazing, and plus she's a sister-lovin' sister who's done so much for the dyke community, and I feel an affinity to her and her politics. I've always dated dykes, but I'm in this very odd position for the first time ever in my life. I've met this woman who's never been a lesbian, who's straight, who is completely head over heels in love with me, and she lives in St. Louis. And so I'm in this amazing position where I actually might have the dream of the cutting on my back come true because she wants all the things that I

> i came from a generation where i got to watch Dorothy Allison fistfuck her girlfriend in the ass.

continued on page 42



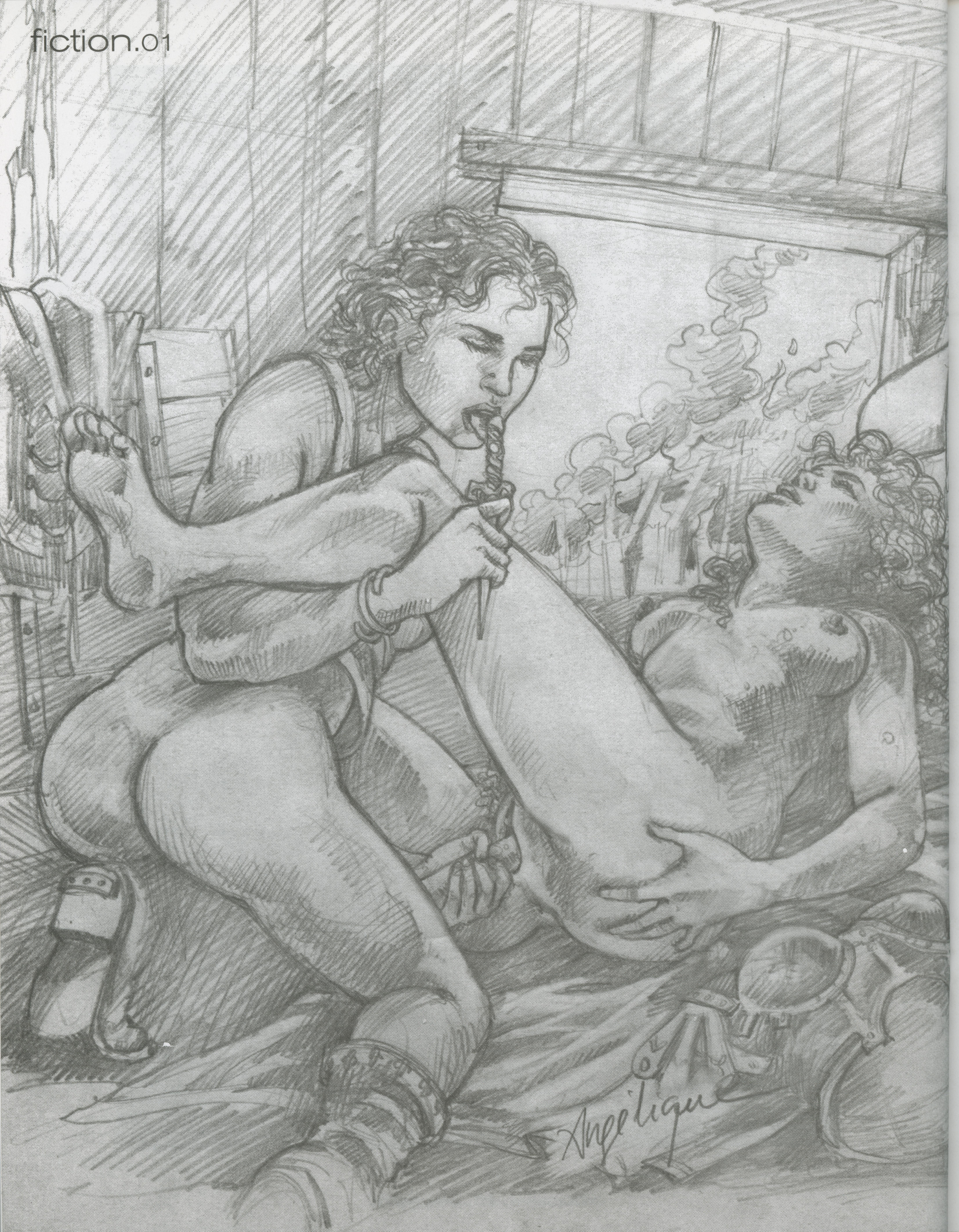
Orgy
at the Dildomat

Sex toy store staff takes product testing to a new level

photography by
Janet Ryan

shot on location at
Good For Her, Toronto, Canada

After a long day of peddling toys at Good For Her, the girls are beat. Erosia begins the usual chore of dusting, but can't help notice that Minxy is flirting with her a little more than usual. Carol Anne walks in with a new box of dildo inventory, and the girls can't resist picking their favorites and trying them out. As the three start to go at it, they're surprised by their boss, Carlyle. Instead of reprimanding the girls, Carlyle sits in the corner, watches the show, and masturbates. She finally succumbs to their sexy antics, straps on a thigh harness, and soon dildos are slipping in and out of mouths and pussies in every corner of the store. Staff meetings will never be the same. **tt**


Angélique

War Story

by Jean Roberta • illustration by Angelique

The once sleepy village was in flaming ruins. Chloris (as she is known to the Greeks) and I rode between the huts, watching for snipers. She saw the young man aiming at us before I did, and dropped him with one arrow to the chest. Chloris is one of the best shots in the army. I probably rely on her more than I should, being paired with her encourages me to be reckless. I don't like raids, but I do my duty. I would rather kill than be killed or taken captive. The noble men of Greece offer us no other choices.

A young woman with loose raven hair flowing over her shoulders came out of her hut and stood watching us. The figure of an old man lay in his own blood in the single room they had shared. She had probably been married to him as a girl, and now she was a young widow. Her eyes were dry. She reached up to one shoulder and calmly, without fear or haste, undid her chiton and let it drop to the ground. The gesture was bold and clear. She stood naked in the bright sunlight, her plump breasts standing up like watchful animals. The triangle of hair between her legs was as black as the hair on her head. I could no more fathom her motives than I could gossip in village Greek. I couldn't ask the little widow what I wanted to know. Had her man meant nothing to her? Had he regarded her as his slave, and had she grown so used to such treatment that a change of masters made no difference to her? Did she see us as her deliverers?

Chloris wanted to ride past. There was no tactical advantage to be gained by accepting the sexual favors of a foreign woman. The commander had said we would not be taking captives in this raid. We rarely take captives, despite the stories told about us by our enemies; we don't seek to recruit men's women, either as soldiers or as servants.

Standing uncovered in the midst of disaster, the little widow called silently to my heart. Knowing how reckless I was, I dismounted and secured my horse to a post. Smiling, the wench seized one of my hands and led me to a small storage hut. Luckily, words seemed unnecessary. I wrapped her in my arms, burying my face in her fragrant hair. She smelled like figs and oil, dust and sweat. It was a rich smell that was strongest in the curves between her neck and her smooth shoulders. Her breasts pressed against my ribs, pressing my heart. I lifted her to feel her weight, and she was lighter than my weapons. She pressed herself against one of my thighs so that I could feel the hot moisture below her belly. When I looked into her eyes, I saw that they were dark greenish-gray, the color of a storm-cloud. I pulled off my cloak and folded it for her to lie on. She spread her legs, raised her knees, and invited me with her eyes to worship at her altar. I recklessly shed my war-shirt and pants, then removed the pouch that holds my little bronze wand, the thing we sometimes call "the sword of peace." I showed it to her, rubbing it in my hands, then I let her hold it so it would be warm enough for her flesh. I squatted between my little sweetheart's legs to part the thick black hair and peer into the wet folds within. I kissed the eager guardian at her entrance, and felt it jump in my mouth like a sleeper who has suddenly been awakened. I pulled it gently with my teeth and licked it as it grew. I explored her soft cave with my tongue, and found it as hot and tasty as any I have known. The little widow seemed surprised by the touch of my tongue. She reacted to my strokes as though they were an unfamiliar language that she wanted to learn. She responded as though she feared that she would never be pleasured again. I couldn't promise her a long and happy life, but I could serve her present need. She seemed to tremble on the edge of release for a long time, unable or unwilling to surrender. She seemed to be waiting for my wand, which she reached for as though she wanted to use it on herself. Laughing, I kissed it before carefully guiding it into her warm opening. She welcomed it with her whole body. Despite her boldness, the little widow seemed too stubborn or too afraid to let herself enjoy the climax she clearly wanted. I craved the satisfaction of outwitting that part of her which was still loyal to the dead, or still committed to resistance.

A simple but surprising move is often the best solution to the problem I faced. I pulled out my thinnest knife, used for piercing, with its silver handle molded in a cunning spiral design. Not having any warm oil at hand, I sucked on this device until it was warm and wet enough for my purpose. I quickly found my little lover's smaller entrance and inserted the knife handle, firmly but patiently twisting it into her to the rhythm of her hips. Her breathing grew louder and her thrusts intensified. Wielding my two probes, I lowered my face to her belly and kissed the guardian at her gate. Almost at once, the little widow cried out, moving in an unmistakable way. I hoped that no one else heard her. My reputation was not the only thing at stake; I was becoming hopelessly protective, and did not want to see her harmed.

I heard the commander's footsteps before she appeared at the entrance of the hut. She undoubtedly caught a glimpse of my little lover before I managed to wrap her in my cloak. Whether the officer was moved by what she saw, I will probably never know. The commander gave me a look and a gesture, then strode away with a contemptuous swing of her cloak. I hoped I had rewarded my companion enough for the generous gift of her body, because our idyll was over and I could give her nothing more. How bitter it was to know that her heat, her smell, and the light in her eyes would soon be lost to me. The little widow did not seem heartbroken when I kissed her goodbye, but maybe that was a sign that she had more of the officer in her than I do. *If you can hear my thoughts, child of Aphrodite, I pray to your goddess and mine for your protection. If my tribe seems cold or brutal to you, remember that we are constantly under threat from your brothers. If they succeed, we will be destroyed. I can only wage peace when I have the chance, and I treasure my memories of such subversion.*

sexinthestacks

by Wendy Hill • illustration by Colleen Coover

She's wearing her packing pants.

That's the good sign. Everything else points to trouble. Tonia's leaning against a column on the library stairs, legs crossed. Even her backpack sitting lumpily on the marble looks annoyed. The hands casually in pockets are just a decoy. We've been together eight months now, and I can spot pissed from a mile off in a blizzard.

I'm late, and wearing jeans, which is totally counter to the plan. The plan is: sex in the stacks of Widener Library. It sounded fun when we plotted last week over brunch, full of post-coital endorphins and fountain Pepsi. Now it's just another thing I do to prove I'm all here, in this relationship. Well, I'm here, but I'm late and wearing jeans.

"This is your thing, not mine," she says flatly. That's true, strictly speaking. I'm the one graduating who's supposed to have sex in the stacks in the grand old tradition. She has a year more of school to make this trip again with someone else. But really, we're doing this for her–her public sex fetish, her test of my constancy.

In the face of her packing pants and pissed-off eyebrows, I realize too late that my outfit is the perfect symbol of passive-aggressive. I wore a hot bra and a sweater that shows it off, but what she needs is to get into my pants expeditiously. The library screw is a down-to-the-second, risky venture, danger lurking around every shelf in the form of voyeuristic divinity school students. At least this is what I imagine as we head inside.

"What."

"What?"

"Nothing. Go in?"

"Sure. What?"

She just shakes her head.

Get past the guard, check. I guess "about to have hot lezzie sex in the stacks" isn't stamped on my forehead after all. In the lobby she asks quietly, "Why aren't you wearing a skirt?"

True answer: Because I never wear skirts, so if I did today, I'd be doing it just for this, just for you, and though I'm doing this for you I'm going to make it a little difficult. (Even as I think this, already I feel dumb–it'll be my circulation getting cut off when my jeans are around my thighs. Some rebellion.)

Out loud answer: "It's too cold."

If she were really invested in this fledgling fight, she would say, "Like some people I know." The fact that she didn't is as good as a date to have it out later.

First two floors of stacks: too many people. Fourth floor, southwest corner: bingo. I had said I wanted to do it on one of the desks they assign to graduate students (comfort factor), but she walks to the middle of an aisle and stands in the dark, waiting. She's looking at me, but I can't see her expression. On this floor there isn't really floor exactly. It's metal grate; you can see people in the aisle above and below you if the lights are on. I lie down in the aisle between the dusty shelves, and pressing my shoulders against the grate, wiggle my jeans down. I feel suddenly insecure and exposed, not because of the open space above and below, but because Tonia, kneeling by my feet, is looking at my cunt but I can't see her cock.

> breathing hard, she pries open a space between my swollen lips with her fingers and pushes in.

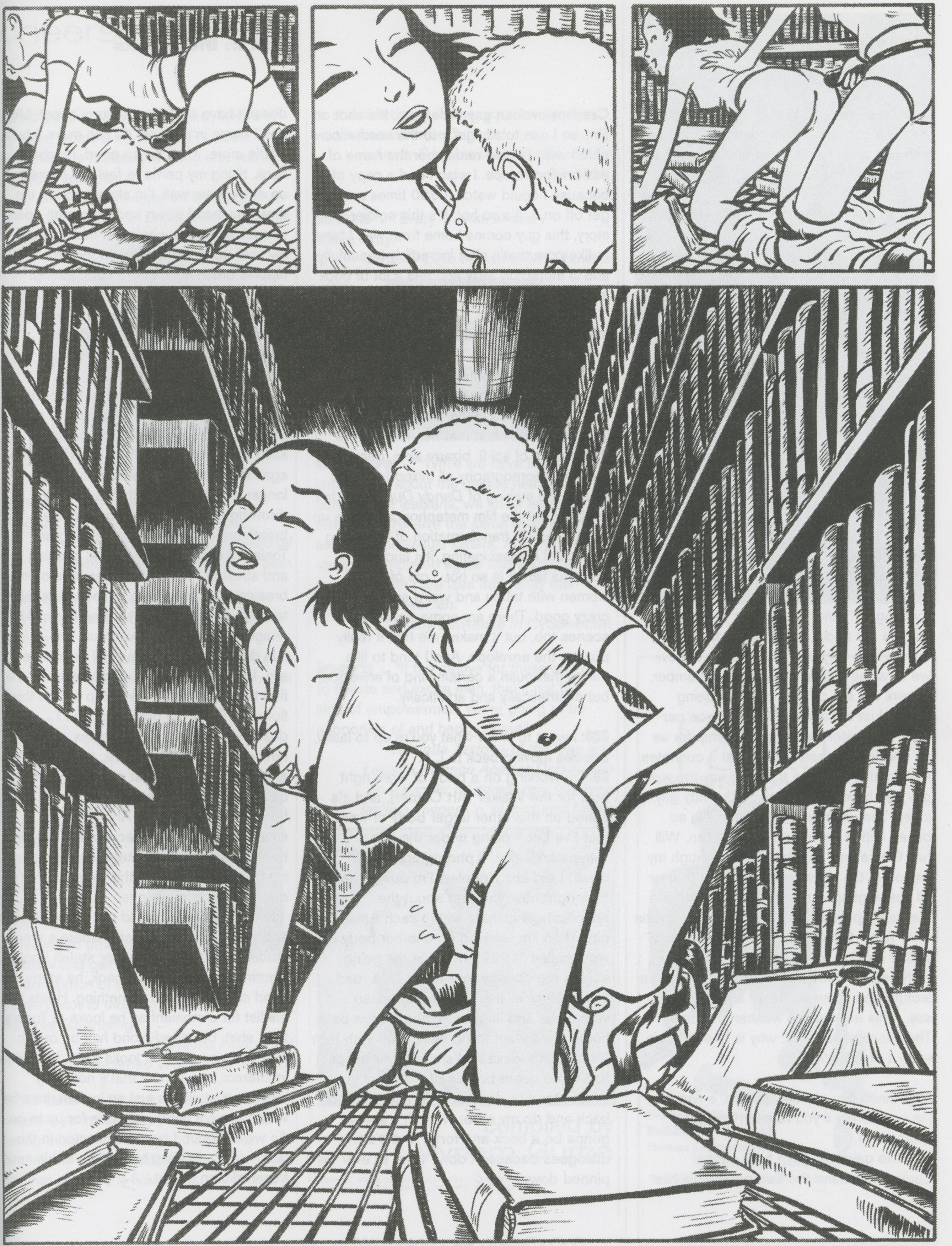
In a second, she's on top of me, heavy breasts pushing mine, one hand propped by my shoulder and the other, spit-licked, pushing the head of her cock down to rub against my clitoris. As she breathes on my throat, her head down with concentration and fuzzy yellow hair brushing my chin, I'm suddenly wet and reaching up to stroke her waist, her breasts under the shirt falling forward. I grab the belt loops of her pants and pull her in.

But I can't get it, the angle isn't right. With my jeans around my shins, I can't get my hips high enough for her to settle in. I reach over to the shelf next to my head, and pull out as many books as I can fit in my hand. They keep the oversized books and folios on the bottom shelves. Some of these books have probably been here since slavery. They're probably worth something. I thrust my pelvis up, dislodging the unwarned Tonia, and slide the stack under my ass. Breathing hard, she pries open a space between my swollen lips with her fingers and pushes in, thick, no more friction because I'm so wet, she pushes almost all the way in and oh, right now I love her so much. She moves just a little, trying to get in all the way, pulling the head back each time so it catches on the opening of my cunt. My muscles react, trying to grip her and hold the firm plasticky ridge of her cock. And then she pulls out.

"No good. Turn over." Panting, we push books out of the way, and I get on all fours. Shit, my knees on the grate. "You should have worn a skirt."

But now we're fucking, she's in so deep it almost hurts each time, I think it might be too much but I push harder against her. I know she tries to fuck me harder than men, every goddamn push, every time. She

continued on page 42


COLLEEN COOVER

continued from page 31

interview

want; she wants to kind of have a family. And she can actually say that she's in love with me, and I haven't had anybody say that to me since 1989.

OOB: So, tell me about the cutting on your back.
CO: It's a cutting of two stick figure lesbians and a house. I have this intense desire for domesticity, and that's what the lesbian "Domestic" series was so much about–me trying to figure out what was this thing about domesticity that I've never achieved in my life. I mean, I have lived once with a lover for two years, otherwise I've been alone and only dating.

OOB: Your early work was so in-your-face political, and some people have said your work has cooled off. Do you feel like you've cooled off?
CO: No, because look at the work I did last year. I did all those Polaroids for Ron Athey and the "O Portfolio." I guess some people would consider the "Domestic" series "cooling off." And yes, it's not in-your-face and it's not about the leather community, but it's also very political in terms of how we view the lesbian next door–remember, queers are still getting killed for being queer. Just because Will and Grace perform their heterosexual relationship for us on television doesn't mean that it connotes real politics because they can say the word *gay* and have these cutesy little witty gay jokes. The construct of that show is so based within heterosexuality. I mean, Will has Grace and Jack has Karen. I laugh my ass off at the show, and I'm happy to hear all the language on prime time TV, but is that really political? It's not like two lesbians from Tulsa, Oklahoma, sitting in matching yellow rocking chairs with a big satellite dish behind them. It's not like when I give a lecture and show a washer and dryer and say, "This is a lesbian washer and dryer." That alone says, Look: why is homophobia such a problem?

OOB: Since you are by vocation, a watcher, I'm wondering if you've seen any good porn lately.
CO: I like gay male porn from central Europe or behind the European bloc, like Czechoslovakian gay male porn. It's shot on film, so I can totally get into the aesthetics of it. I wish I could remember the name of this one porn tape. I wish I had a copy of it because I could watch it 300 times and still get off on it. It's so hot. It's this soldier story, this guy comes home from war. I tend to like porn that's shot incredibly beautifully and is incredibly sexy and has a lot of cock in it.

OOB: Have you seen any of the tranny porn that's out there?
CO: One of my favorite queer filmmakers is this Austrian filmmaker Angela Hans Scheirl. Now he's Hans, he's he, but she was she when I first met her. His work is this mixture of sci-fi, bizarre sets, genderfuck, and pornography all mixed together. During the making of *Dandy Dust*, he didn't realize it but the film metaphorically ends up being a whole transformation of him being FTM. And it's fascinating, it's such a beautiful film, it is so hot. Lots of naked women with tubes and weird sets and it's crazy good. There are some sickening scenes too, but it makes me hot, it really pushes the envelope. And I tend to like things that push a certain kind of envelope, but aesthetically and artistically.

OOB: I want to know what you're up to lately, besides moving back to L.A.
CO: I'm working on a body of work right now for the Walker [Art Center], and it's based on this other larger body of work that I've been doing under the title "American Cities." I photographed St. Louis, I did Los Angeles, I'm doing New York right now, thinking about the specificity of identity within each American city. Then I'm working on another body of work called "1999," which is me going across the country four times on a road trip looking for the ultimate American vernacular and images. When I move back home, I will want to do more stuff with Ron [Athey] and Idexa and some other things. I had three queer bodies of work last year. What I tend to do is do that and then go back and do my other work. It's always gonna be a back and forth, and it's two dialogues because I don't want to ever be pinned down.

continued from page 40

sex in the stacks

doesn't have anything to worry about. Men don't come in silicone. If I can make it hurt a little more, it will be so good. I arch my back, tilting my pelvis to feel the pressure on every inner wall. I'm almost licking the grate, my head down and my mouth open to suck someone who's not there. I push my shirt up to my armpits to feel my nipples brush against the cold grating. Her thighs are smooth against my ass, I can see their rounded sheen, a vision from heat and memory. For a dreamy instant I try to remember when she started shaving her legs.

The light flips on in the aisle under us. I recognize the buzzcut and blazer of my Chaucer professor. I hold my breath to keep quiet but we can't stop. I'm pushing against Tonia like a mindless machine, no longer meeting her rhythm, and finally throwing my head back, pushing the breath out into the musty, echoing air. Tonia collapses onto my back, gasping and stroking the fragile undersides of my breasts. She must have pulled up her shirt, too; the sweat we don't remember making coagulates stickily between us.

In the tiny elevator down all I can smell is sex. We're still panting, and kissing for the first time today, when we stop on the third floor. As Tonia, my professor, and I descend, I wonder if my nipples are noticeably hard. I can't look, though; the elevator is so small that no movement is casual. I glance at Tonia, since I can't kiss her. She looks relaxed. And slightly smoother, with tool detached and safe in her backpack. I concentrate on regulating my breath and holding the wetness that's dripping down my thighs.

Silently giddy, we head out of the elevator and past the security desk, where a tired student checks our bags for stolen books. Rooting through Tonia's pack, he stops, his hand closing around something. Holds it in his fist for a moment as he looks at Tonia's tight shirt, bleached-blond hair on brown skin, army pants. She looks back, that same indifferent look I know that's not really indifferent at all. It's just an instant, then he withdraws his hand and nods for us to go. As we walk out, I see his reflecton in the glass doors, holding his fingers to his nose, frozen like an addict.

cheers + jeers

cheers . "Initially you think, where's my robe, where's my towel? For about a day. Then the modesty is gone and you've got really fast friends."

Renee Zellweger on an underwear-only scene in Entertainment Weekly

jeers . "We've seen the sexual revolution come and go–and sex lost."

Leslee Unruh, head of National Abstinence Clearing House in Spin

cheers . "It was like 'Knock knock–here's your pizza and a blow job.' What a fantasy!"

publisher Caryn Goldberg on why she likes gay male porn in Out

A&F
XXX
ADVENTURE:
GET WET
SET & GO

jeers . "[Homosexuality and promiscuity] are the 'lifestyles' that Abercrombie and Fitch promote. And it's without class. In its competition to gain a niche in the fashion world, A&F fails to achieve any real style. But it succeeds in appealing to prurient interests and gaining the admiration of the pornography industry–not to mention providing it with free advertising."

Catherina Hurlburt of Concerned Women for America

cheers . "A cervix is such a beautiful creation, yet most people go through life having missed the chance to see one… Fortunately with the aid of modern technology that problem is licked. You don't have to stand and wait in line; you can simply visit my cervix online."

Annie Sprinkle in Ducky Doolittle's Fanzine #2 Dildo!

jeers . "Every woman at every age is catty."

Jennifer Love Hewitt in Mr. Showbiz

cheers . "While we have little information about the unique health concerns of lesbians, we know lesbians often don't receive the same quality care as our heterosexual sisters. And the few studies completed agree that lesbians access health care less frequently than heterosexual women."

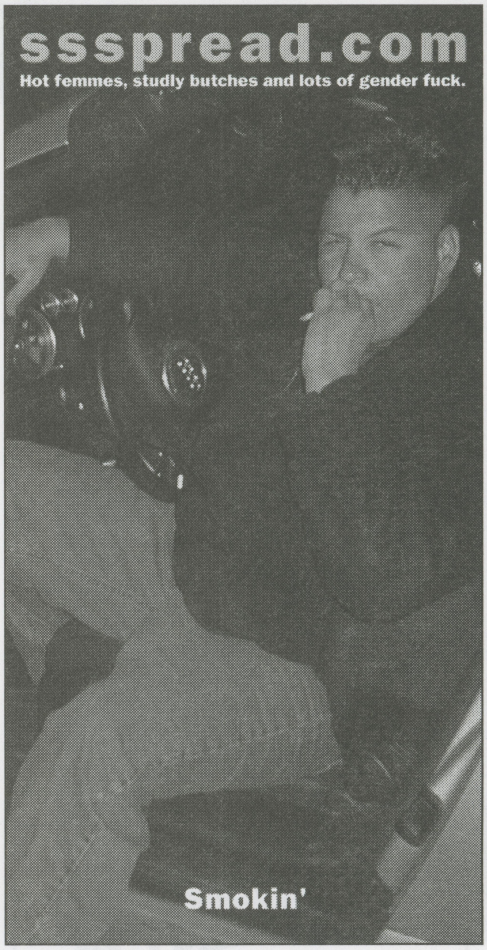
Judy Lawrence in Cybersocket

jeers . "If the motive for these ads is to titillate and excite men, that's not the kind of empowerment we're going to be supportive of and happy about."

Glennda Testone of the Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation on designer ad campaigns featuring lesbian imagery in W*, pictured below*

compiled by
Myriam Gurba

RENEE ZELLWEGER: ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY / A&F AD: OUT MAGAZINE / DIOR AD: W MAGAZINE / JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT: MR. SHOWBIZ



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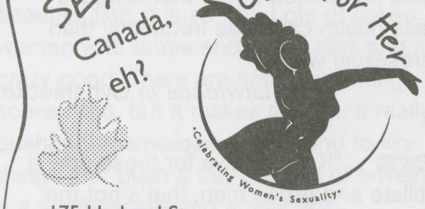

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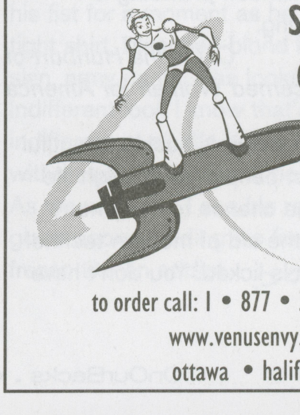

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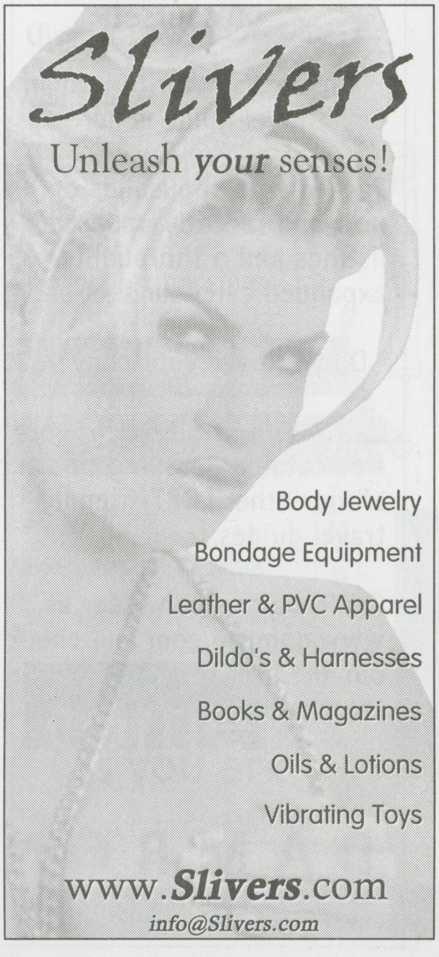
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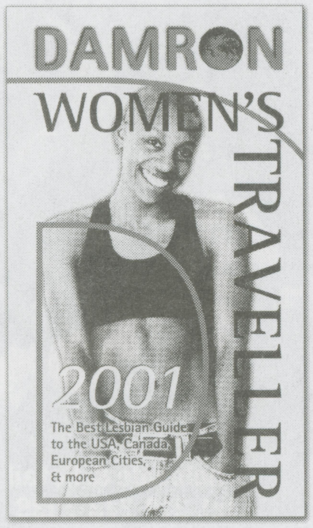
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backtalk

Do you like to **Shave** for sex?

compiled by Diana Cage

Naked Gaze

I love to shave my pussy for my girlfriend. She likes to stare at my clean-shaven snatch and tell me all the delicious things she is about to do, before she begins to explore me with her tongue. The feel of my smooth, clean mound against her face drives her crazy. *Annie*

Pubic Access

My partner and I both shave. It is so erotic and clean. She gets so smooth, the wetness feels so silky and her cunt is so slick. She tastes so damn good. With a shaved snatch, there's nothing to get in the way but my fingers or toys. I can lick, suck, and fuck her all night. *Shari*

Naughty Naturalist

I prefer them natural. I've dated women who were shaved, trimmed, long and curly, and everything in between, and the more natural they are, the hotter the woman is, in my book. If you're too afraid of sex to let the hair grow like it should, then you're too afraid to get into my bed! *Cassiopia*

Tied and Trimmed

I love it when my girlfriend shaves me. She loves to force my legs open and gently pull my long curly cunt hair with her teeth. I squirm as she bites and nibbles her way down to my wet clit. After she ties my hands and feet to the bedposts, she takes out the scissors. By the time she begins to trim my pussy hair, I am dripping wet. Once she shaves me completely, she begins to lick me. The feel of her wet tongue, lips, and teeth against my smooth pussy is more than I can stand. When she turns around and straddles me, her wet pussy across my mouth, I come in waves. *Lucy*

Split Indecision

The sensation of a hair-free pussy can be quite amazing when you are pantiless on a crisp, windy day. However, fuzz is fun, too, when it is well-groomed and clean. There's nothing better than the feel of a soft mane on your face, or absently twirling silky hair between your fingers. *CM*

ANNIE SPRINKLE

Short Cut

I prefer a very closely clipped cunt. I don't really care about seeing or feeling baby-smooth flesh. I want to know that I'm with a real woman-grrl. Even if she's in anklets and a schoolgirl skirt, I still like to see a little fringe around the top. But I like easy access to the goodies, so clip it short! *Char*

Eager Beaver

I think a shaved pussy is the mark of someone who wants to make it easier for their lovers to enjoy the delights of the flesh. It is so nice not to have to push aside the thick and stubborn hair to get to the labia and clit. When I see a girl undress for the first time, and I discover she is freshly shaved just for me, well, my first thoughts are of touching and tasting that smoothly curving mound. *Zille*

Peeping Jane

There's nothing like the look on my girlfriend's face when I call her into the bathroom while I'm in the shower, razor in hand. She peeks around the shower curtain at me, grinning from ear to ear, and watches every stroke of my hand. *Effia*

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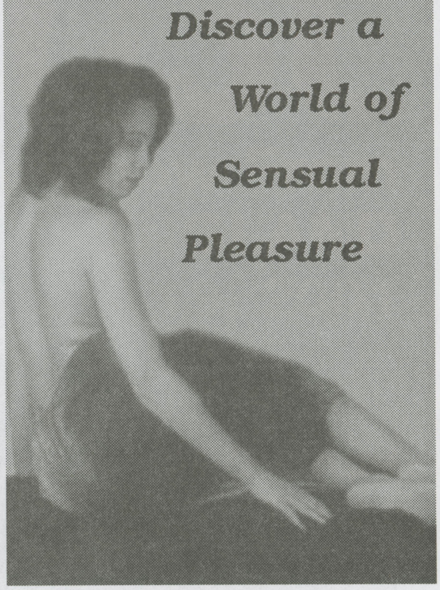

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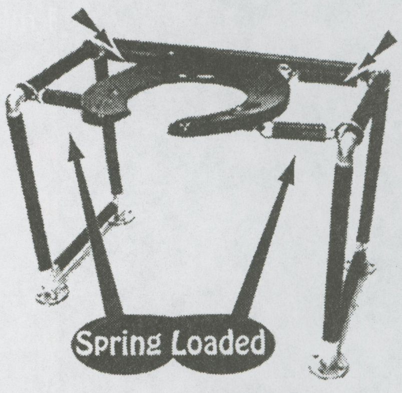

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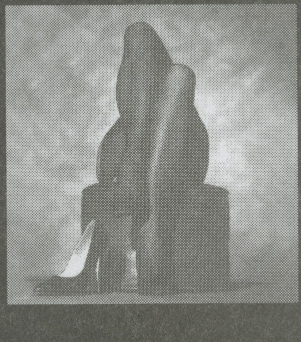

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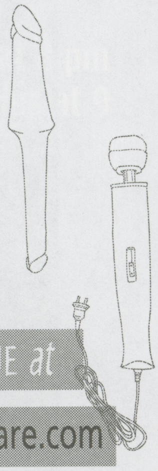

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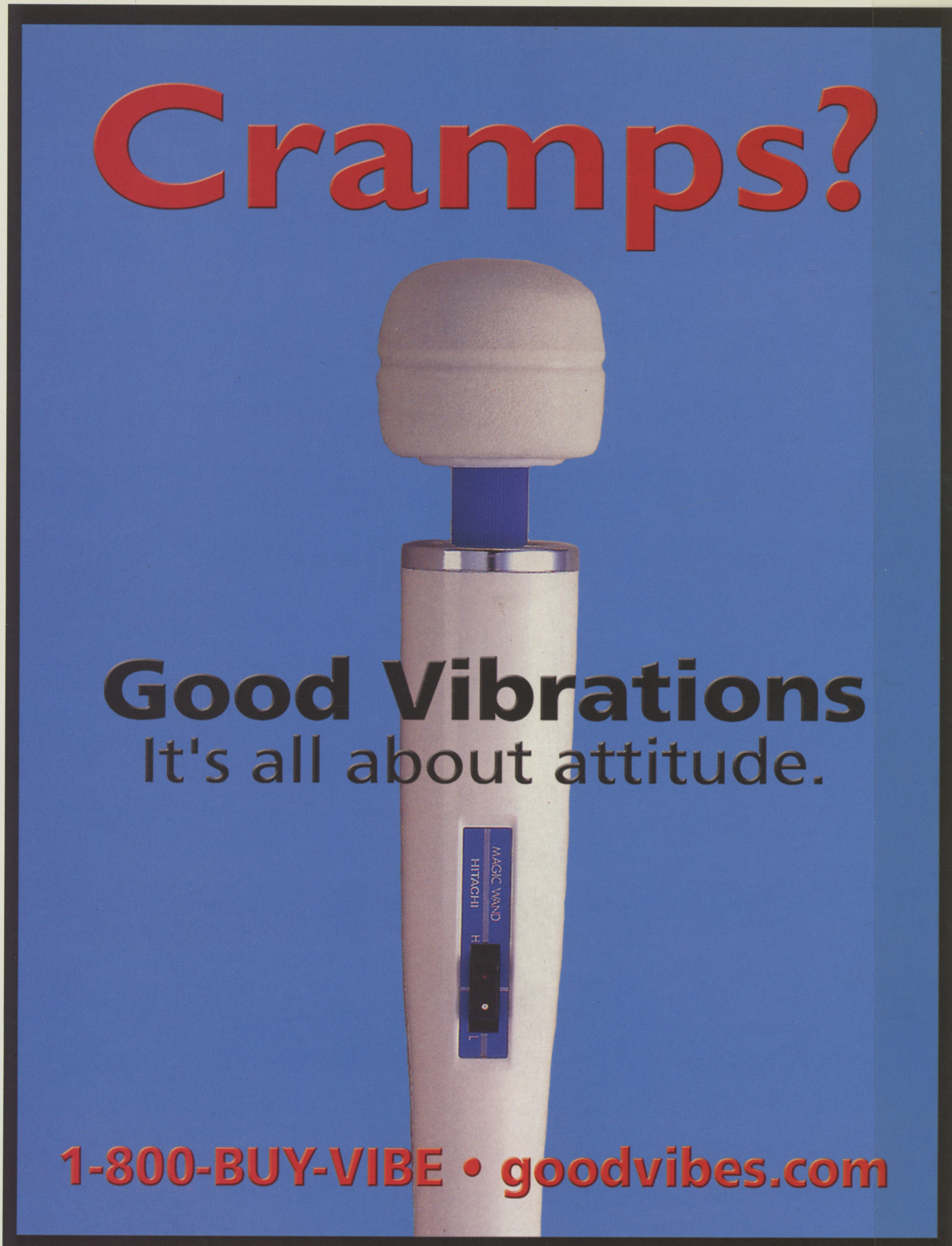
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